THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVI. No. 1176 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Britain and the Dulles Doctrine

So the Chinese have decided to keep the United Nations disunited! Just when everyone was hoping that the row between America and her allies could be conveniently forgotten, Chou En-lai has revived it. The Chinese Note—nicely timed to arrive just before the General Assembly began its Session last Tuesday—politely rejects the American plan for a two-sided conference and repeats almost verbatim the Round Table argument which Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was using a few weeks ago. Although the State Department was able, without difficulty, to defeat Mr. Vyshinsky's immediate attempt to raise the issue of Chinese representation, it is difficult to see how Mr. Dulles can prevent the resumption of a full-scale debate on the way the Korean conference ought to be organised.

Those who counted on the Chinese to follow Mr. Nehru's example and help the U.S. out of the embarrassment into which its pig-headed diplomacy had brought it were expecting too much. After all, why should Peking be helpful? What interest has it got in facilitating the holding of a conference which Mr. Dulles intends to break up unless he obtains an unconditional surrender to Syngman Rhee's demands. So far from aiming at peace, Mr. Dulles' doctrine is to keep Asians fighting Asians, or at least trying to fight Asians, in Indo-China and Formosa as well as in Korea. Indeed, as though to advertise this intention to the Chinese, he has chosen this moment to persuade a tottering French Government to send another 15,000 metropolitan troops to Viet Nam and to disregard the plea from M. Reynaud, as well as from M. Mendès-France, for an effort to end the hopeless war by negotiation with Ho Chi Minh. Since it is American policy to close any road which could possibly lead to a negotiated settlement or even a relaxation of tension, no one should be surprised that Chou En-lai has now decided to make as much trouble as possible between the U.S. and her allies.

Mr. Dulles's intransigence has put all those who really want peace in the Pacific in an awkward dilemma. We urge the need for a conference, but we should be wise to assume in advance that, even if we get our way, the conference will achieve nothing; and an old diplomatic maxim tells us that a conference which fails is worse than no conference at all. In this case, however, things have got to get worse before they get better. There is only one way to shift the Americans from their present policies and persuade them to return to the more moderate doctrine of Mr. Truman, which Mr. Adlai Stevenson reaffirmed at Chicago this week. That way is to prove conclusively at the conference table that, if they adhere to the Dulles doctrine, they must "go it alone." Even if a Korean Peace Conference can achieve nothing, it must be the aim of British policy to ensure that it takes place in order to bring this lesson home to the U.S.

But are Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden—let alone Lord Salisbury—prepared to submit Anglo-American relations to this kind of strain? The omens are not auspicious. As yet, there is no sign of any British opposition to American policies in Indo-China; and, at the United Nations last Tuesday, Sir Gladwyn Jebb made a further concession by supporting the proposal that the issue of Chinese recognition should be postponed till 1954. It is right and proper that we should do everything to avoid unnecessary conflicts with the U.S. But it is sheer irresponsibility to permit Mr. Dulles to count on our support for a near-war strategy which will be overwhelmingly rejected by public opinion when its consequences begin to be seen. Sooner or later the Dulles doctrine must be challenged by America's allies. The sooner and the more public that challenge, the better the prospects for peace.

The End of the Boom

The sharp decline in Wall Street stocks continues—since January they have dropped more than fifteen per cent.—and it is being taken as an omen of an approaching "shakeout" or "little recession" in the U.S. economy, especially as it is accompanied by a steady fall in farm prices and in sales of steel, machine tools, farm machinery and used cars. Other industries, too,

are encountering difficulties, and both the level of consumer credit and the size of the stocks held by manufacturers and traders are causing some concern to economic forecasters. Union leaders, such as Mr. Meany and Mr. Reuther, who spoke of the dangers of a possible "downturn" in the near future in their Labour Day speeches, are not alone in their belief that the Administration may soon be forced to do something to prevent the economy going "over the top of the boom" into an unspectacular but steady decline.

The boom has undoubtedly levelled off in the course of the summer, even though total production was still rising in the middle of this year at an annual rate of eight per cent., and though more people are employed at higher wages than ever before. It is possible to attribute the "bearishness" of Wall Street to the big investors' fear of peace. Even before the Korean armistice there had been substantial "economy" cuts in the arms programme that provided much of the motive-force of the boom. This, however, would not wholly explain why general stocks were falling for some months before the armistice, or why the weakest sections of the economy are those not directly dependent on rearmament. It is much more probable that the boom—which brought a huge increase in investment as well as in the output of goods—has created an over-production crisis, on the farms as well as industry and building. If, for instance, the steel strike last year had not created a temporary steel scarcity, the industry would already have cut production well below capacity, as it now expects to do before the end of the year. To some extent, the big corporations, which have so strong a voice in Administration policy, may not be displeased at the prospect of a "shakeout." If they disregard its effects on countries which have been earning dollars in the margins of the boom, they could stand to gain from it, not least because it will make life difficult for lesser competitors and make organised labour more docile. They cannot let it go too far, however; any substantial "downturn" could cost the Republicans' control of Congress in 1954.

Mr. Krushchev's Line

The promotion of Mr. Krushchev to First Secretary of the Communist Party, which means that he now ranks third, if not second, in the Soviet hierarchy, coincided with his searching review of agricultural policy, on which he has been for some time the foremost Soviet trouble-shooter. His account of failures and mistakes in farm policy reads remarkably like those made recently by the Hungarian and Rumanian Premiers, and fits into precisely the same pattern—excessive concern with heavy industry, neglect of agriculture. The livestock situation, he said, was "especially unsatisfactory"; the number of cattle had fallen by over two million last year alone. There had been mismanagement on State and collective farms, due partly to the lack of properly trained staff; supplies of building material, machinery and other farm equipment have been "inadequate"; price-policy has been wrong, and the system of production planning has been so ill-ordered that Soviet agriculture has not been producing enough of the right foodstuffs and industrial crops. Much of the long directive is concerned with remedies for the weaknesses that Mr. Krushchev denounces, and it looks forward to securing, by the changes he advocates, enough "meat, milk, butter and eggs, and other livestock produce for the population, and major raw materials for light industry and the food industry." This target, like those for other improvements in living conditions set recently by Mr. Malenkov, is to be reached "in two or three years."

This change of policy—which includes the repeal of measures supposedly introduced by Beria before his fall—is clearly prompted by the present inability of Soviet agriculture to fulfil the demands that the Malenkov "concessions" will shortly make upon it. The gap will be filled for the moment, presumably, by promises of early betterment and by Soviet imports of food. It is equally clear, from the wide scope of Mr. Krushchev's criticisms, that these "shortcomings" are not something new. They are the price that the Soviet Union, like Eastern Europe, has had to pay for rapid industrialisation and rearmament.

The Electricians' Strike

With last Wednesday's "strong recommendation" to the E.T.U. strikers to return to work so that the Court of Inquiry might investigate in what Mr. Walter Stevens, the Communist General Secretary of the Union, in beautifully chosen words, describes as "an atmosphere of industrial serenity," another of the annual Communist summer-holiday diversions comes to an end: the Court of Inquiry, while finding against the Union in general, will make some face-saving concessions, and the rank-and-file of the electricians will settle down again to loyal work in an atmosphere of wage-restraint, until the Communists on their Executive are able to find another imaginary grievance to foment! This, at any rate, is the story one might deduce from most of the press comment and from reading between the lines of the Ministry of Labour statements. The reality may be rather different.

There is no evidence that the basis of the dispute is not a genuine sense of grievance, and no good reason to say that, in pressing their case by strike action, Mr. Stevens and his colleagues have been following a specifically Communist course. The assumption that wage-restraint is the normal state of mind of the "good" worker is a hangover from the controlled Crippsian economy of the pre-1951 Labour Government. Whether Mr. Stevens and his fellows on the Executive realise it or not, they have been demonstrating not so much a Communist technique, as a characteristically capitalist reaction to a characteristically capitalist situation. Now that the special circumstances of the Labour Government no longer exist to justify wage-restraint, trade unionists are more and more demanding that the unions revert to their traditional job of wringing more out of the profits. The electricians, by striking, have stolen a march on their fellow engineering workers; and before long all the skilled men will be striding farther and farther away from the unskilled. In spite of the emphasis in the Press on the Communist views of its leading officials, the E.T.U. is, in fact, behaving much more after the fashion of a C.I.O. union in Detroit or Seattle. What is more, as the American engineering unions have demonstrated, this can be one of the most effective ways of compelling both employers and employees to co-operate in stepping up industrial productivity. The Ministry of Labour, steeped in the tradition of Mr. Bevin and, less directly, of Sir Stafford Cripps, may disapprove. But, if Mr. Butler really believes in making free enterprise work he should be saluting the electricians' initiative

Issues at Geneva

In our Correspondence columns this week, Mr. Konni Zilliacus draws attention to the dangers, from the aspect of Commonwealth trade, inherent in the proposed admission of Japan to membership of the group of States signatory to the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs. His argument, which will certainly be echoed in Lancashire, is that a "low-wage" country, such as Japan, is not entitled to enjoy the benefits of "most favoured nation" treatment. Fair enough; but the problem is rather more complex than Mr. Zilliacus—and the Beaverbrook press—make out. Have we any right to prevent the people of the British Colonial Empire, whose purchasing power and living standards are low, from getting the benefit of cheap goods from Japan? The answer is clearly "No", though that is precisely what we did before 1939, and there are still advocates of a return to the old colonial policy. Japanese competition, however, threatens not merely Britain but other industrialised European countries; and at the new session of Gatt which opened at Geneva this week, there seems likely to be a tendency for more countries to invoke the "escape" clause which allows tariffs to be raised for the protection of threatened home industries. Since this cannot be done in a discriminatory way, Britain is placed in a peculiar difficulty owing to her Commonwealth commitments.

Protection for British Farmers

Japan apart, the waters at Geneva are likely to be stirred by the British Government's reported intention to seek the right to impose a tariff on foreign—*i.e.*, mainly European—agricultural produce. At present, imports of such produce are subject to a system of quotas and seasonal embargoes: substitution of protective duties would be a logical part of the Government's policy of getting rid of controls and at the same time holding up prices in the farmers' interests. Under the provisions of Gatt, strictly interpreted, this cannot be done unless the new duties are imposed on Commonwealth produce also; for Britain is pledged not to extend Imperial preferences. The Government's dilemma, however, is that Britain is also pledged to allow foodstuffs to come in from Commonwealth countries duty-free. Hence the need for Gatt's special permission. Other countries, which are not troubled by the preference limitation, are free to protect their farmers by tariffs as much as they please; and it is argued that this justifies the British claim. Moreover, seasonal embargoes have, in practice, worked clumsily. Owing to variations in the dates at which particular British crops are ready, they have caused shortages and unnecessarily high prices in the shops here, as well as sudden gluts of unsold produce in France

and Italy. The N.F.U. seems to think that European exporters ought to prefer tariffs to the present system. Whether they will, remains to be seen; and a tariff, all the year round, on European agricultural produce must involve yet another addition to the British cost of living.

Mr. Joseph Reeves, M.P.: A Correction

In an article which appeared on our front page last week, it was suggested that Mr. Joseph Reeves, M.P., had forfeited the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society's nomination to the Socialist, Co-operative and Professional Organisation section of the Labour Party N.E.C. as a result of his demands for a Socialist foreign policy. This was a misstatement. The nomination is always made from among the membership of the Society's Political Purposes Committee, and Mr. Reeves ceased to be a member of that Committee under the age rule in February, 1953. His nomination a year ago was understood by all concerned to be the last for which he would be eligible.

PARIS

Wage-levels and E.D.C.

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It looks at the moment as if the Assembly were going to be called on September 29 for a brief "extraordinary" session—after which it will adjourn again till October 12. The deputies are not, at the moment, popular in the country. Having voted for themselves a 25,000 francs a month *increase* (at a time when a huge number of workers do not even *earn* that), they thought they had done enough. Few supported the Socialist and Communist demand for the convening of the Assembly, to compel the Government to answer a few awkward questions about the Strike and some even more awkward ones about Morocco. Only now—perhaps as a result of the anxiety caused by Adenauer's victory—will there be enough signatures to make it constitutionally necessary to convene the Assembly before October. Between now and then there will be the Congress of the Radical Party at Aix-les-Bains, where a major battle is expected between the supporters and enemies of E.D.C. Whether the Laniel Government will survive the September 29 meeting remains to be seen; its chances seem rather better today than they did a fortnight ago, when M. Herriot, Chairman of the Assembly, used every conceivable device for avoiding a special session.

Although the greatest scepticism persists, both among housewives and retailers, as to the lasting effect of M. Edgar Faure's "lower prices" campaign, the promise made by the Government to "revise" certain abnormally low wages may persuade the Assembly to give it a temporary reprieve. Not that it is in the least certain that all these "expedients" (as the Socialist *Franc-Tireur* calls them) will prevent a new outbreak of strikes in the autumn. Railwaymen to whom I have talked were almost unanimous in referring to the end of the August strikes as an "armistice." Similarly, no one (except the few hundred "token victims") is taking the new measures against tax evasion and foreign currency infringements very seriously. This, after all, is a campaign which has often been launched, but never successfully concluded. Altogether, a great scepticism can be felt everywhere concerning the effectiveness of the present Right-Centre administration.

But what other possibilities are there? M. Mendès-France, after his "glorious failure" in June, has been completely silent. He is waiting—but for what? And has he not missed his chance? For there is less and less faith in middle-of-the-road solutions, and more and more talk of a crystallisation of all the reactionary forces round a "strong man." Developments in North Africa under the unofficial leadership of Marshal Juin are having growing repercussions in France itself.

And Germany? The first, almost general reaction was "Damn the Germans! Just like them to take orders from Foster Dulles at the very time when France and Italy had effectively shelved E.D.C. for an indefinite period." But while there are no illusions at all as to the uses to which Adenauer would like to put the European Army, it is realised that the U.S. will do its utmost now to bully France into it. So one already finds some politicians cashing in on Adenauer's victory, either for personal motives, or for "higher" motives—"better that it should be done with us than without us." M. Robert Schuman has emerged from obscurity with the historic statement that "Adenauer's victory is very good news for France." Which has been interpreted to mean: "High time you put me back in the Quai d'Orsay." Financial aid, bargains with Washington over North Africa, and Indo-China *versus* ratification of the European Army—all these, combined with a weakening of the Centre and a growing attraction by the extremes, are some of the elements of the perplexing picture presented by France at the end of this Summer.

WASHINGTON

The Return of Adlai Stevenson

A Correspondent writes: The Democratic rally in Chicago this week had three purposes: to stage a huge fund-raising dinner to wipe out part of the $250,000 deficit still remaining from the last election; to reintroduce the globe-trotting Mr. Stevenson to the party; and to work out a preliminary strategy for next year's congressional elections. Since there is still smouldering resentment in the Southern wing of the party against the Fair Dealers, and especially against Steve Mitchell, the national chairman nominated by Mr. Stevenson last year, a good deal of the talk went on behind doors closed to the public and press. Mr. Stevenson's speech on Tuesday night conformed fairly closely to the things he has been saying as he interviewed his way round the world, and there was little in it to stir up old party controversies among an audience that had paid a hundred dollars a head to listen to him.

In Mr. Stevenson's absence, his party has been opposing the Administration "constructively." The result has been a curious truce, in which the Administration has been embarrassed by its dependence upon Democratic votes in Congress to carry essential parts of a legislative programme which has been more popular among the Democrats than with the Taft Republicans. The Democrats have not pressed the President to act. On the contrary, the more he "studied" problems, and the less he did anything about them, the better for them in the long run. Now, however, they are preparing to launch a sharp campaign for control of Congress in November, 1954. The fall in farm prices and incomes, coming after a long period of prosperity under the Democrats, could easily cost the Republicans vital seats in the rural areas. In 1948, Mr. Truman persuaded many farmers that this is just what would happen if the Republicans won. He thus carried marginal farm States.

Mr. Durkin's resignation as Secretary of Labour has also given the Democrats another useful issue. When he found that the President had gone back on his promise to sponsor nineteen minor changes in the Taft-Hartley Act, he walked out. He was never an important personality in the union world—the *New York Times* commented that he was unable "to deliver the labour leaders to the Administration, or the Administration to the labour leaders"—but his protest certainly provides new ammunition for the Fair Dealers and unionists to use against this "big-business" Administration.

The Democrats may indeed feel optimistic about their prospects for next year. They can claim that they have given President Eisenhower his chance this Session, and that he has thrown it away by indecision and by betrayal of campaign pledges. Now, in the next Session, he must face all the issues which have been dodged in the last year. If they are clever, they should make a good deal of useful capital from his difficulties with such controversial issues—on which the Republicans are divided—as rent control, corporation taxes, lower tariffs, labour legislation, social security, immigration and farm policy.

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10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1

NAIROBI

Doing Good by Stealth

A Correspondent in Kenya writes: Belatedly, and at the emphatic instance of Sir George Erskine—whom the Europeans in Kenya have begun accusing of following a get-tough policy towards the Settlers—the Government has recently begun turning its attention to the psychological part of the campaign against Mau Mau. Some admirable projects to raise African standards have been devised by Sir Frederick Crawford, the Deputy Governor; but unfortunately the value of these good deeds is being lost in the veil of silence cast over them. Why this secrecy? In anything that the Government may plan of a pro-African nature, it must beware of exciting the suspicions and criticism of Settler extremists. Witness the half-hearted "surrender" proposals to Mau Mau, and the fact that Sir Evelyn Baring was driven to place far greater emphasis on what the surrender would *not* do for Mau Mau adherents than on what it would.

The Government had intended to accompany the surrender offer with a widespread publicity campaign to convince the Africans of the fate of Mau Mau and also of the Government's determination to end social and economic grievances as soon as the State of Emergency was over. The Settlers know this, and were quick to voice suspicious antagonism. The principal organ of Settler opinion promptly warned "those responsible for the propaganda campaign in Kikuyuland" that they must be "very careful in phrasing any promises." The paper demanded an assurance that nothing would be said "which might be interpreted as bribing the Kikuyu to forsake Mau Mau." It must be made clear that the Kikuyu would receive "no privileges and no priorities in the tackling of economic and social grievances" and that "the Kikuyu have no claim whatsoever to political advance save within the bounds of Kikuyuland."

What chance has the Government's psychological warfare against this persistent obstruction? The literate African turns from the Government's carefully phrased promises of future redress to the reckless columns of the European press. He is left bewildered and wavering. The solution? The same as for a dozen other ills in Kenya: the Government must refuse to be bullied into abandoning policies which, however distasteful to the Settler, alone offer hope for the future.

The Killing of the Truth

THE posthumous fortunes of Timothy Evans have now reached the stage where, if their background were not the death cell and the hangman's rope, they would be merely absurd. Mr. Scott Henderson's second report, published last Monday, has the sole purpose of arguing the defence of his earlier findings against the doubt which had been cast on them. Mr. Henderson has, therefore, been manœuvred into a position in which he must appear to the outside observer less as a dispassionate arbiter than as an advocate with a brief.

To say this is not for one instant to accept any criticism of his integrity, or to doubt his personal conviction that he has uncovered the truth. It is to give further point and emphasis to the criticism originally made by Mr. Bing and Mr. Paget, and more and more widely accepted, that the method of inquiry, in haste and secrecy, was calculated to obscure the truth rather than to illuminate it. For this the Home Secretary is principally to blame. Certainly, we can recall no other case in which a leading Silk, appointed to a quasi-judicial task, has been compelled, half-way through it, to turn advocate in his own defence and to conduct a running argument with his Parliamentary brethren, whose criticisms have struck the public as having more authority than the findings of the secret inquiry.

About the content of the second report we have two comments. As Mr. Paget has pointed out, it is entirely inconclusive on each of the three most substantial matters on which the original findings had been challenged: on the evidence, that is, of the plasterer and the labourer who were working at Rillington Place at about the time of the Evans murders; on the evidence of the chaplain who saw Evans before his execution; and on the alleged difference between the evidence, at the trial, of Inspector Black and Chief Inspector Jennings. Indeed, the inconclusiveness of Mr. Scott Henderson's further advocacy of his original conclusions does more than anything else to lend force to the challenge of his critics. Since last Monday, the case for the fullest public inquiry to establish whether or not Evans was justly convicted of murder has been made overwhelming.

As to the hanging of Evans, one can say with certainty that, whether or not he murdered either his wife or his child, he would never have been hanged if the present doubts had existed at the time of his execution. That this is something of rather more social importance than merely the bad luck of a justly convicted murderer, is evidenced by the concluding words of Mr. Scott Henderson's second report. "There are," it runs, "of course, speculations which arise which can never be resolved because nobody can now supply the facts with which to provide an answer." Because, in other words, both Evans and Christie were killed in haste.

Do the majority of citizens who, according to the public opinion polls, still hanker after capital vengeance, realise how often truth itself may go crashing into the scaffold pit with the convicted man's body?

The National Estate

IN the late nineteenth century, John Stuart Mill, Henry George and others were canvassing the ethics and economics of private property in land, and many Left-wing Liberals had come to support the principle of land nationalisation. Today, the subject is boiling up again in connection with the Socialist political programme, and public utterances and letters to the press make it abundantly clear that many people have only a confused understanding of what such a policy would involve, both in the transfer of land from private to public ownership and in its subsequent administration. Fantastic calculations of the cost to the country of State acquisition, and of the annual service of the debt thus created, have been made by responsible public men; an enormous bureaucratic system of management is forecast; while other writers, again, associate State ownership of land with State farming. There is also another group, not opposed to intervention by Government in the present set-up of national land policy, which is reviving the cry for a tax, long ago proved unworkable, on land values. This tax on land values, is to be based, apparently, upon a figure quite incalculable, namely the value of sheer land, divested of anything which human activity may have done to add to it. The other criticisms are figments of the imagination of speakers and writers who do not understand the proposals put forward for the creation of the National Estate.

Putting aside the larger question of social justice, the crying need at the moment is for food, and more food, from our own farms. The State has tried to meet it, first, by setting up controls and directives of the farming system under the Agriculture Act, 1947, six years' experience of which has shown that their effect on higher food production is practically *nil*; second, by making grants and subsidies from public funds to private owners for the repair and the improvement of the essential agricultural equipment of their land. Mainly for these reasons, the ineffectiveness of the Agriculture Act and the limited application and the inequity of doles to owners of private property, but also by reason of a host of lesser disabilities, the need for the reform of our land tenure system is clamant, if the policy of increased food production is to be anything more substantial than a mirage.

The fundamental problem, indeed almost the only one of substance, is how to value the land for transfer to the State. It is conceded by all except the most intransigent, that there can be no confiscation: private property in land has received the sanction of Government and nation for generations, and though many now hold it to be a mistake, it is not a crime. On the other hand, there must be no payment to vendors for monopoly or prospective values, or for unearned increment of any kind. This also is now generally conceded, and the principle was embodied in the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947. Equally, it is no good trying, as the Land Taxers wish, to distinguish between the value of the land itself and the capital improvements to it, roads, buildings, etc., effected at various times and probably by various owners. The whole hereditament, whatever form it takes today, is an entity which would be destroyed by dissecting it into component parts.

Thus the problem of valuation is the determination of what the property is worth today in its present state and fulfilling its present purpose; fortunately, this information is already available in the national valuation of real property for the purposes of Income Tax. Schedule A of the Income Tax assessment gives the annual income derived from the ownership of land, and this figure, capitalised at an agreed number of years' purchase, will give the capital value of the hereditament for State purchase. Of course the calculation could not be worked out with a pencil on the back of an envelope, as the foregoing statement may suggest. Certain details of estate management must be brought into account, such as the cost of maintaining the property in a condition to earn the annual income; the amount of any fixed charges, etc., upon it; and, of course, its general state of repair, substandard properties being subject to special consideration. In practice, however, the decision to nationalise will find the State provided with a valuation ready for immediate application in nearly every case.

As to the bogy of finance, it is not proposed to declare a day upon which private ownership will cease and the land will be bought and paid for by the State. The proposal is that on and after a date named in the Land Purchase Act, the State will be the only buyer of all land coming on the market. Properties offered will be valued as described above, and payment will be made in the form of Terminable Land Annuities, thus following the principle of Tithe Rent Charge redemption under the Tithe Act, 1936, with which all owners of property are familiar. Thus the situation which some critics contemplate, of an astronomical burden placed upon the community, both in capital cost and in annual debt service, resolves itself into a regular issue of terminable annuities, extending possibly over fifty years or more before land transfer is completed, and serviced from the very start by the rents which the State tenants will be paying.

Now for the problem of administration, our old friends the "hordes of officials," the "bureaucrats," the "farmers from Whitehall." Knocking down the last ninepin first, it has never been contemplated that the State should take over the farmer's job. The partnership of landlord and tenant which has served the country for so long, will be perpetuated with this only difference—that the national landlord will have no interests to serve other than those of the nation. Farming will continue in the hands of farmers; the new landlord will function in the interests of food production, untrammelled in the execution of his responsibilities by private calls upon estate finance or other personal disabilities. As to day-to-day administration of the National Estate, again the task is simple. No other country in Europe, probably, possesses a body of professional men so highly qualified as the surveyors and land agents who administer the land of Britain today. Just as the occupation of the land will go on in the hands of all farmers who are competent, so the administration of it will go on under qualified land agents. The Agricultural Land Commission, established under the Agriculture Act, 1947, and already managing some 200,000 acres of land scattered through nearly all the counties of England and Wales, will be the central authority, enlarged and strengthened, no doubt. The devolution of its authority cannot be described here in any detail, but, in skeleton, it will have County agents responsible to it for the execution of its policy; these, in their turn, will work through district agents, controlling areas determined in size by the intensity of the farming and the character of the neighbourhood. Just as the

National Estate will grow gradually, as private owners offer their properties, so the administrative staff will increase as occasion demands, drawing on the cream of the professional men available.

How will all this increase food production? Efficiency in farming will be secure for the first time; it will not be possible any longer for people to buy land merely for pleasure farming, for sporting purposes, or to reduce their Income Tax assessments and Estate Duties on death. New tenants will be selected solely by their qualifications as farmers, the State being prepared with a loan scheme to help men to get started who are short of working capital but otherwise well qualified. It will not be necessary any longer to perpetuate the serious handicaps, far commoner than is generally appreciated, of farms uneconomic in size and badly laid out for working. The modernisation and general improvement of permanent equipment, for which much of the land is crying out, will no longer be restricted, as it is today, by the lack of capital. Schemes of land reclamation beyond the means of the private owner can be developed. And all the time, the value of the National Estate and the quantity of food production from it will, each of them, be growing.

C. S. ORWIN

Douglas Doldrums

IT was a rather dreary week. There were no surprises—the "mystery" of the Transport Workers' "abstention" on the nationalisation vote excepted—and the proceedings were seldom interrupted by those cries of protest with which delegates sometimes remind the platform that they are still present and awake. The General Council, which entered every division with the two and a half million votes of the Big Three—the miners and the two general workers' unions—assured in advance, was never seriously challenged; and on many issues it was left to a comparatively small group of Communists and friends to offer a token opposition. "Where," I was asked by a foreign journalist visiting Congress for the first time, "is the Left Wing of the trade unions?"

The question is easier to answer if you do not exaggerate the formal majority votes. In the first place, though every union votes as a unit, there are often substantial differences of opinion within the delegations. Before Congress formally opens, these delegations "caucus" to decide how they shall vote on each issue. In one or two of the larger unions, the decision to support the General Council was taken only by narrow majorities. Secondly, a union's vote may often be determined less by the merits of a particular motion than by its internal politics—there are always some delegates who have their eyes on coming union elections—or by some log-rolling arrangement with other unions. Thirdly, an issue may be presented in a form that inhibits a clear test of opinion.

The nationalisation debate is a case in point. At no point was Congress asked to reaffirm or to repudiate the resolution passed last year at Margate calling for a planned extension of social ownership. On the contrary, it was explicitly told by Mr. Geddes, speaking for the General Council, that the interim report presented for approval "accepted the intention" of the Margate resolution, and another platform spokesman insisted that, if the delegates rejected this report, they would in effect repeal last year's motion. The debate, therefore, had to take place on a motion to refer the report back to the General Council—a resolution from the Foundry Workers calling for "an overall plan" with "a very considerable extension of social ownership" being withdrawn. Now it is true that 2.6 million votes were cast against the General Council, and that such important unions as the Engineers, Railwaymen and Distributive Workers were more worried by the hesitancy of the interim report than they were impressed by the assurances from Mr. Geddes that the report "is not the red or amber light: it is the green light for 'Go'." Yet, just as there were many delegates who supported the General Council who would certainly not have done so had they been asked to rescind last year's declaration in favour of further nationalisation, so there were others who voted for the reference back with misgivings. They accepted the substance of the report and moving the reference back was the only way they could record their disapproval of its cautious conclusions. The confusion that thus arose was undoubtedly an advantage to the anti-Socialist members of the General Council. Since the vote was on the timing and degree of nationalisation, not on the principle, the unions as a whole remain committed to social ownership and to a Labour Party that is fundamentally Socialist. That, at any rate, was the view of the rank-and-file delegates at Douglas.

Another reason why this Congress seemed to be a triumph for Arthur Deakin, Tom Williamson and Sir William Lawther is that where the clash between Left and Right came to a vote, it was often upon some resolution drafted or spoken to by Communists. This is becoming a traditional feature of these Congresses, and one that profits both the Communists, whose influence is thereby inflated, and the General Council, whose spokesmen are adepts at ignoring the terms of a motion and denouncing its sponsors and its supposed implications. The attempt to unseat, and later to censure Sir Lincoln Evans, for example, was treated very largely as a Communist attack upon his integrity.

In this debate, moreover, the wider issues were scarcely touched upon. The platform speakers made great play with the fact that trade union representatives sit on a multitude of joint boards with employers and State servants. Why should Congress suddenly depart from established procedure and insist that the T.U.C. should boycott the Board supervising steel denationalisation? The simple answer, which was never made forcefully enough, is that none of these other boards is a true precedent. This is the first time that union leaders have been asked to collaborate in *undoing* something that was done by a Labour Government with the full approval of the trade unions.

Through every T.U.C. debate there runs a thread that is seldom seen by those who count votes simply in terms of Left and Right. It is the divergence of outlook between craft (skilled) and general (unskilled) unions, and it finds expression particularly in issues arising from the relations between the T.U.C. and the government of the day. It would be easy to overstate this divergence, because both types of union can be found in each camp, yet by and large it is true to say that the skilled workers tend to rely more on direct bargaining about wages and conditions and that the general unions are more anxious for State regulation. The reason for this, of course, is that a craft-type union is more homogenous than the general union, many of whose members are scattered in small groups through a variety of firms, each with special problems and conditions. The electrical workers or boilermakers, for example, dislike wage-restraint because they can focus industrial pressure on the employers; the unskilled worker cannot easily do the same, and therefore he sets more store by State action to keep living costs in line with wage-rates that he cannot easily improve. Using this analysis as a key, it is possible to get a much better understanding of the way Congress divides on a whole range of issues, from wage policy, to East-West trade, the Boilermakers' opposition to the British Productivity Council, and the broad question, raised by the Evans affair, of collaboration with the Government, whatever its political complexion may be. Here is one clue to the insistence of Arthur Deakin and Tom Williamson that the unions must put men on joint boards and allow them to participate in official committees dominated by Tory-minded employers.

Taken as a whole, this Congress showed that the trade unions are in the doldrums, drifting between winds. The storms which carried them along in recent years—the rearmament controversy, wage-restraint, public ownership—blew themselves out at Margate, and this year's debates were merely the rather feeble after-gusts. The wind will pick up again, no doubt, but no one is very sure from what quarter it will come.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

HIGH blue sky, pale sunshine; in the silence, bees working the hollyhocks. Ten to one, if it doesn't make you think of going back to school, it will recall the outbreak of war. Perfect weather for disasters, blitzes, evacuations. One feels guilty even now to slump happily in a deck chair. But was ever a chair in the Park better value? Autumnal Park but still veridian; curtains of green open on eye-popping dahlias of a magenta as loud as a brass band going by. And, if signs of strife, then only of a minor victory won—a little victory in the Battle of the Top, that recurrent summer problem: must gents wear tops or not? In 1953, I note, in Hyde Park you may unpunished take off a shirt and sunbathe. In 1938 I recall being sternly reproved for doing so. Perhaps that was another victory won for us by the desert armies? At any rate, tops have almost gone for good, except—alas—in France of all places, where they are creeping back, to say nothing of Spain, where they are still *de rigueur*. Blessing Lansbury, I approach the Lido. Can I hire a costume? Nope. Can I go in to try to borrow one? Nope, swimmers only. But I have never yet been kept from a theatre or a bathing beach. Ten minutes later, arrayed in borrowed finery, I have traversed prone ranks of German-murmuring torsoes and am in water which is much colder than it looks, and smells agreeably of Nivea cream. Bliss descends. A euphonium solo wafts over from the bandstand. Life refracts into vivid details. A lugubrious woman swims by, telling her companion "I reckon to receive a typewritten letter *(gulp)* is the worst insult a person *can* receive." Her companion says "Makes you livid." (But he isn't.)

* * *

Out again, a Chekovian calm invades me as I detach spent matches and tickets from my hair and arms. "If only one had time," I reflect—wasting it happily. But time for what? Life is so full of rival exhortations. My eye drifts to an abandoned newspaper, no doubt part of what Randolph Churchill calls the daily cataract of Fleet Street filth. In huge type: "Nehru bowls maiden over." Tscha! But it is not, after all, a sex angle, I see. Instead my eye spies a hundred sane and bracing suggestions for spending one's leisure. Learn a patent shorthand (they will teach you to write "the old man," after some study, as "T'ol'm"). Conquer blushing. Acquire a perfect bust. Learn to skate in six easy sessions. Well, if they are easy . . .

London never has a " dead season " now. A lot of people are away, I expect; even that 3D centurion who was marshalling the queue for *Quo Vadis* in Leicester Square seems to have gone on holiday (or did he perhaps receive a Higher Call?) But crowds push everywhere. Baker Street is milling with Midlanders misdirecting each other to Madame Tussauds. Here I spy a rumpus. What *Punch* used to call a stout party, himself not young, is dancing up and down furiously rejecting a flag-pin proffered on behalf of St. Marylebone Old Folks. He shouts " Not a penny, not a penny would I give." Is this personal? Perhaps he was done out of a muffler last Christmas. Or is it the voice of a general resistance to charitable appeals? The feeling, perhaps rightly, is that if " They " can afford so much (naming anything from *Gloriana* to the Brabazon), why not a bit more for *Le Baiser* or Westminster Abbey? Or is there a deeper resentment about the Abbey? I have just read a letter which says: " I would not subscribe for this old-fashioned church which ought to have been pulled down long ago," signed " Fed-Up " (name and address supplied). A more helpful letter maintains that what is making the Abbey crumble—like the Venetian Grand Canal palaces shaken by motor boat backwash—is nothing less than the vibration of these R.A.F. fly-pasts: a shattering din, certainly.

* * *

You might think this generation had had enough of " bangs directed by radar towards it from aircraft." Not so 155,000 spectators at Farnborough, without counting the myriads, including myself, wedged solid in earthbound traffic jams on the roads leading there. Never have helicopters seemed more desirable or practical. Just as I would rather have a bicycle than a car, I see that it will be a helicopter for me, as and when. Besides, 20 miles to the gallon! They don't look more difficult to steer and much less easy to fall off. Of the monsters, the smashers, the record-breakers and the experiments—though I am far enough emerged from the balloon age to feel a certain awe and interest in them—I suspect that, like a tone-deaf duchess at the opera, I miss the point of this kind of display. But *stone* deaf is what one needs to be here; how can people survive such noise, or am I getting old?

* * *

The Radio Show at the Empress Hall gave me nervous shocks of a different kind; and torment by reiteration. Walking fast down avenue after avenue of television screens, some as large as Rembrandts, some as small as Boudins, but all—when not mercifully strike bound—showing Mr. Richard Attenborough simply convulsed with charm over a cup of tea, proved very unsettling. True, there are many worse faces one might have to watch multiplied by a thousand, Malenkov's, say. But the truth is, this Show is dull because all TV sets still look alike. " Steam " radio has of course progressed far beyond that stage: in bakelite, or disguised as night-tables or galleons, or let into cocktail cabinets or concealed behind mock volumes of Jane Austen, radio sets achieve—even as they dispense—a grisly Variety.

* * *

I love the *vastes portiques* of exhibitions as a rule. Later on that radiant evening, under a turquoise dusk, I am hanging about the Festival Hall awaiting the interval and the solos by that fabulous pair of dancers Kovachs and Rabovsky. Out in the virgin vestibule there is a sound-proofed silence which is frightening, like having taken an overdose of quinine. The trains outside glide by like goldfish. Hygienic light blazes down, as in an operating theatre, on the vistas of " salads " laid out in the deserted dining halls, vistas which lead over modern motives and lights shimmering in the waters, so that you might think you were in Sweden, till you see Shell-Mex House reared up like a giant gilt harmonium. Why are not more people enjoying the promenade outside? Too much mud smell and grit? I should have thought South Bank families would like using this new lung. At least Trafalgar Square gets all the attention it wants nowadays. No more a Golgotha of down and outs, it is a scene of revelry by night; a real Piazza with its pigeons and pop corn and " that there." Embowered on banks of fuchsia, screaming with joy as the spray of the giant fountains drenches them, the September crowd looks thoroughly content. Twenty years ago, one could hardly bear to look, at night.

* * *

Political tactlessness is common to all peoples. Artistic tactlessness is—would you say?—a German speciality. I think of the inscriptions on a hundred *Denkmale*. But the Americans run them close: I don't mean that I flare with anger about Hollywood's Errol Flynn capturing Burma, but cumulatively it irritates. One goes to a film about the Parachute Brigade, and the hero is Alan Ladd. No harm, once in a way. But when the next day you see a film about Melba, that high-busted Australian songbird, and find her impersonated by a slim little Yankee slyboots, the annoyance takes root. How would the Americans (I find myself saying) like a film about the U.S. Marines at Bataan commanded by Sir John Gielgud? The answer is that they wouldn't mind at all, would only be surprised. When Charles Laughton played Nero, all they said was " Fancy that old rascal with an *English* accent! "—prerogative of stage butlers. Americans, gorgeously mixed, never guess for a moment that anyone would not *prefer* to be taken for an American, and are therefore quite indifferent to petty national resentments. In which they show good sense. I will swallow my bile.

* * *

Lancaster House, down behind Saint James's Palace and formerly the London Museum, is open again, swept and garnished (no biblical illusion intended) and looking inside like a Tennent production of some forgotten Oscar Wilde melodrama. That staircase is really a magnificent *mis-en-scène*, and all in the most modish period too. Unlike the Wellington Museum (Apsley House) or the Wallace Collection, the rooms here are as yet empty and can be seen in their true proportions without those glass catafalques of treasures which usually crowd the view. What will it be used for? No one seemed very clear. " Government Receptions," said someone. But who receiving whom? And have we, in public life today, persons who will look well enough to " dress " this gorgeous stage fittingly? Perhaps if we are going in for this sort of thing in a big way, we should start raising a corps of " Government Geishas." It would offer a good opening for a smart girl; an alternative to the too popular career of air-hostess.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

My late grandmother returned from Buenos Aires unaided and unaccompanied at the age of 93, after a two-year stay.

She came back, she declared, largely because there they had no " Lift Up Your Hearts," or religious services in English on the radio.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (E. Sanders.)

A recommendation of the Health, Works and Plans committee concerning an application from Mr. A. N. Doyle, of Roughton, came before Erpingham R.D.C. on Monday. The Council agreed that he be allowed to erect a pig-sty—subject to the building not being used for pig-keeping.—*Norfolk Chronicle*. (K. Letzer.)

I have a neighbour who, every time she comes out of the back door (which faces mine), commences to shout and swear at the top of her voice. This is not only objectionable to my wife and myself, but it terrifies my dog.—Letter in *Brighton Evening Argus*. (G. M. Moger.)

My life has been busy and full—seven children, 28 grandchildren, 22 great-grandchildren. I am a church-goer, a whist fiend, an occasional cinema-goer, an ardent reader of the *News Chronicle*.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (Ralph Elliott.)

Miss . . . said: " If a man comes to your flat and tries to seduce you, and then arranges to meet you at the Café Royal and arrives with a bespectacled woman, wouldn't you think he was a cad? "—*Evening Standard*. (A. G. Edwards.)

The police sergeant found that the licence for his mongrel terrier, Wrecki, had expired. " My very first act," he said in court yesterday, " was to take out a summons against myself."—*Daily Express*. (P. Dalton.)

TO A SKY-RAIDER

(By a Skylark)

Curse on thee, sky-raider,
Bird thou never wert!
Ominous invader
Nothing can divert,
Why dost thou disturb our peace, thou supersonic squirt?

Higher still and higher,
Till in space thou shrinkest!
Horrible and dire
Must be thoughts thou thinkest
As stinking thou dost soar and soaring ever stinkest!

What thou art we know not,
Where thy noisome nest;
Down and feathers grow not
On thy metal breast,
Thou'rt neither fish nor flesh nor fowl, thou diabolic pest!

Frightfuller than Gorgons,
Sheathed with steely sheen,
From thy metal organs
Raining eggs obscene,
Or bearing wingless bipeds, thou unnatural machine!

Waking or asleep
With thy whining drone
Thou dost swoop and sweep—
Hornet overgrown—
My song I cannot hear for thy mechanic monotone.

Harpy aerobatic
With thy lungs of brass,
Riveting pneumatic,
Shrill escape of gas,
All that ever banged or blew thy racket doth surpass!

Though with ghastly joyance
Thou sound-barriers burst,
Permanent annoyance
Wert thou from the first!
Avaunt, abomination! Thou monstrosity accurst!

Where is there another
Deafening as thou?
If they do not smother
Thine infernal row,
Mankind will curse thee soon, as I revile thee now!

SAGITTARIUS

The Sick Man of Europe

II. The New Parasites

[This series of articles, the first of which appeared in our issue of August 22, has been revised by the author in the light of the French strikes.]

Since the war, changes within the structure of French society have produced a phenomenon of note—a middle class growing in numbers and wealth. This is the central fact of recent French economic history. First, the growth in numbers. Official statistics published at the end of March show that in the retail trade alone there are now 1,364,720 *commerçants*, an increase of 300,000 since 1945. Today, France has more shops per head than any other country in the world (one for every 32 inhabitants, compared with one for every 68 in Britain). This growth is most characteristic of the retail and distribution trades, but it is by no means confined to them. There are, for ex mple, more freehold farmers than before the war, though there is less land under cultivation. In almost every branch of the manufacturing and trading industries there has been an increase in the number of businesses. It was revealed last summer by M. Pinay that the number of licensed traders had increased by 600,000 since 1939.

Secondly, the growth in wealth. Here, statistics give a more complete and reliable picture. Since 1947, and particularly during the last two years, the percentage of income derived from wages and salaries has shown a marked tendency to fall, with a corresponding rise in the percentage derived from profits. This is reflected in France's current high rate of domestic capital formation. In 1949, for instance, it was 11 per cent of total national expenditure (compared with 8.5 per cent in Britain and 15 per cent in the United States), and in some years it has been as high as 13 per cent. At the end of 1952, the value of deposits in French savings banks (in terms of gold) was 17 per cent higher than in 1947. In addition, more Frenchmen today enjoy middle-class living-standards than in 1949, though the general standard of living has remained stationary. Since 1949, the number of families employing a domestic servant has increased from one in seven to one in five. Over 80 per cent of houses and flats built in the Paris area during the last two years were built for sale, and of this number over three-quarters were purchased before completion. There has also been a strong tendency for French capital to migrate in recent years, particularly to savings banks in the United States—which explains why Paris has the most extensive dollar black market in Europe.

Is this expanding middle class a sign of French economic virility? On the contrary: it is a symptom of economic decadence, for it is expanding within the framework of an economy which is itself rapidly becoming rigid. In a very real sense the growth is a parasitic one: it is taking place at the expense of the working class. This gives rise to a further important question: how has the French middle class been able to consolidate its position relative to the rest of the community? How, in particular, do the vast numbers of marginal producers manage to survive in a society which, theoretically at least, is competitive? The answer to this question provides a key to most of France's economic difficulties.

Last year, the American business magazine *Fortune* carried out a survey of French business. Its original object was to answer American criticisms of French business methods by listing some of the difficulties against which the French businessman had to contend. In the end, however, it merely endorsed most of the criticisms and added a few new ones. French business, *Fortune* concluded, was secretive, unprogressive and class-conscious. Even Marcel Boussac, the textile tycoon, selected by *Fortune* as an example of the progressive type of businessman, was criticised for his handling of labour relations, and his categorical refusal to promote workmen to executive positions. The main criticism, however, was the lack of competition. French businessmen preferred high profits to large turnovers; they were unwilling to force less-efficient firms into bankruptcy; they believed there was room for everybody—except at the top—and they were ready to carry their principles of class-solidarity into practice. *Fortune* quoted one (anonymous) medium-sized producer:

> The entente in my industry recently wanted to raise prices 25 per cent. I said no, it will only attract foreign competition. I got out [of the entente]. But the entente controlled the Government allocation of raw materials, and I had to come back in. That's the way it is . . . when you break the entente, its members say you had better follow, or you will break the small companies. You get all the manufacturers on your neck. That's uncomfortable.

This statement reveals more clearly than any statistics the way in which the classical capitalist structure has become distorted in France. *Fortune* found it difficult to understand how this distortion had occurred, because it treated the problem as purely an economic one. But it is also a political one. French business, unlike its American counterpart, lives in a hostile world, where one-quarter of the electorate votes Communist. To continue in existence it must create vested interests in its survival. It must adopt the mentality of the convoy—proceeding always at the pace of the slowest. It must always remember that a bankrupt means one more potential vote for the Left, while a business that makes a profit, no matter how small, means a certain vote for the Right.

This principle has applied to French business for many years, but it has acquired more urgency since the war, simply because economic power is tending to become more concentrated. Both the Monnet Plan and American aid have tended to benefit the larger producers most. The Monnet Plan, by concentrating on the expansion and re-equipment of heavy industry made a bias in the allocation of State capital to the big combines inevitable. In the case of Marshall Plan funds, this bias was more marked, and some 80 per cent of the credits went to 36 combines. To quote some examples: the de Wendel steel group, which in 1948 already controlled four big companies, was given control of a fifth, financed exclusively with American capital and equipped with American machinery. Another combine, the Simca car company, used the bulk of its allocation to create a chain of petrol service stations throughout France, and to acquire control over the MAC small-arms group. In other cases, funds were used to build up interlocking agreements with foreign companies, notably in the U.S. Thus, one de Wendel group (J. J. Carnaud et Forges de Basse-Indre), which has a near monopoly of the metal-container trade, received 82.8m. in credits; immediately after the allocation was announced, a representative of J. P. Morgan & Co. was appointed to its board of directors.

Inevitably, as these combines increase their economic power, they tend to become, in an electoral sense, more vulnerable, and therefore more in need of electoral allies. Thus the paradox—economic concentration increasing at a parallel rate with business hypertrophy—is not really a paradox at all, but simply cause and effect. In the political climate of post-war France, the hard core of French capitalism could flourish only if it could command the votes and the loyalties of a numerous group which depended on it for economic survival. For this reason France's parasite class was created and nourished.

The political implications of this vast social shift are self-evident. Such a class has a political importance much greater than its numbers would justify because it is acutely conscious that its existence depends largely on control of the machinery of government. Public opinion polls show that in France a greater proportion of small businessmen exercise their vote than any other group. And the political activity of this group does not end at the polls; it plays a decisive part in the formation of public opinion in the nation as a whole, particularly on important social issues. A very specific example of this is the change, revealed by public opinion polls, in the attitude of the French public to nationalisation. At the end of 1945, only 15 per cent were opposed to further nationalisation of industry; by 1949 this percentage had swollen to 54. Again, it is significant that, during the recent strike wave, the first organisation to ask the Government to declare strikes illegal was the Confederation of Small and Medium Businesses.

In a broader sense, the growth of the middle class helps to explain the decisive swing in the balance of power from Left-Centre (1947) to Right-Centre (1952). The Catholic middle-class vote has moved gradually, during the last seven years, from the M.R.P., by way of the R.P.F., to the classical Right of M. Pinay. The emotional and political force of the Resistance is now spent—the resignation of M. Boutémy in March was probably its last victory—and the anti-progressive elements, having gained re-admittance into active politics by means of the Trojan Horse of General de Gaulle, are coming into the open.

This placid and apparently irresistible drift to the Right was brutally interrupted by the explosion of discontent which shattered the traditional calm of August. Can the Left, by solving its present differences and uniting round a common programme, harness these new social forces and transform them into political power?

Paul Johnson

Bagpipe Music

I. Highlands and Hydro

At Rhiconich, where passengers and freight for places West are unloaded, with no undue haste, from the North-bound Durness coach, the small rain was falling impartially on Her Majesty's mail-bags, my shabby rod-cases, a pair of friendly fretting spaniels and the piled crates of milk-bottles which travel daily forty miles from Laig for crofting consumers too poor, feckless or idle to keep a cow on their three acres. Billy MacDougall, driver of the old red van which serves Loch Inchard side, was leisurely and communicative. . . Ach yes, I should find big changes since I was last here, seven years ago: many men away working at the forestry or for the Hydro Board; a sea-fishery—ice plant and all—established by the Duke (God rest him) at Loch Clash, with lorries trucking the catches nightly all the long road to Aberdeen; piped water being laid on, the whole way from Rhiconich to Sheigra; new proprietors of the trout lochs which I and "that novelist laddie" used to poach. ("But it will be all right for you. Why, only yesterday Willy Macleod had a fine salmon out of the General's river and carried it in his mackintosh right past the General himself and his car-load of English friends. Man, you would have laughed!")

It was, in fact, still all right; and the "big

changes" proved to be mostly grace-notes on an old, familiar tune. "*Sit on your arse for fifty years and hang your hat on a pension.*" Louis MacNeice was quoted to me by hard-headed, old Neil Calder from Wick, store-keeping for the piped-water scheme, whose cost, in slow-motion construction, would work out, I was told, at over £500 for every croft supplied. Because of the hay and the Gathering-day for sheep-dipping, long lengths of trenches had been left open for the rain to fill, and now pumps would have to be fetched from Christ knew where to clear them! Neil was cynical. The late Duke's afforestation and fishery enterprises ("All the boats from Buckie"), the piped water and the Crofting Grants for plumbing, the new Council houses ("Nearly two years to build, and nobody wants to live in them"), the Hydro Board itself—all just subsidy, direct or tax-saving, just conscience-money from the South. "Take away subventions and administer unemployment and public assistance rules strictly: in two years you'll see three-quarters of the Highlands, north of the Great Glen, depopulated."

Thus Neil Calder; and I do not quarrel wholly with his diagnosis. "It's no go the Ceilidh," nor kilted Nationalists' talk, in Edinburgh pubs, of bringing back the glorious Celtic days of Somerled. And it's no go thinking either of big, State-promoted industrial towns or of the crofting counties standing on their own feet. Distance and high transport costs apart, the North-west Highlands have lost too much vigorous blood by war and emigration, have been too often defeated and betrayed, have grown too inured to poverty, wangling and self-pity. "Turn out the cow and go back to bed" is a too usual prescription for a wet day, in which a Bavarian or Austrian hill-peasant would find work for his hands from dawn to dusk. Yet, must depopulation—and that is the strong present trend—be accepted as the solution? As the old people die off, are the only residents of Sutherland and Wester Ross to be a handful of ghillies, hotel-keepers and caretakers of Youth Hostels? That would mean the extinction of a society with the qualities of its defects, the final disappearance in Canada or the acquisitive, commercialised South of a dwindling population whose cultural values are perhaps the sanest in Britain, and whose lazy acquiescence in defeat is matched by infinite good humour, kindliness, gentle manners, and love of living.

What to do, then? There are various possibilities, which I shall mention in a later article, of doing more with the land on lines involving either State or Co-operative enterprise. But these cannot be fruitful of much employment: the problem of the small, coastal crofting communities remains. Here the nub is that price-inflation has enormously widened the gap between the "subsistence income" of a croft with no "cash" crops and the total income which the crofting family must have in order to get by. To-day, at least one member of the family must have a weekly wage-packet—even if he has to travel far, perhaps seeing his home only at intermittent week-ends, in order to get it. Some degree, then, of *local* industrialisation there must be; and, for that, since coal-prices are prohibitive, electric power is an essential first step.

With this consideration much in mind, I spent some days having a look at the Hydro-Electric Board's achievements and projects north of Inverness. For these, within the limitations of the Board's Charter, I have nothing but praise. At Fasnakyle, in Strathglass, the completed generating station (230m. units a year) is more sightly and congruous than most of the northern castles which Americans rent for August; Glen Affric has been definitely improved by damming and extending the surface of lovely Loch Beinn a Mheadhoin; the tunnel which brings in the supplementary water from Glen Cannich is invisible; and I hope the Board soon gets power (against local landowners' obstruction) to develop and control the catchment area of neighbouring Glen Farrar, and thus finally eliminate flooding in the lower reaches of the Beauly River, into which the water of these three glens flow. Incidentally, I could find no evidence that "the Hydro" had damaged the salmon fishing in the area as a whole, though the behaviour of the fish (with daily freshets) has altered—to the benefit of anglers in the upper reaches, and their discomfiture down river.

Further North, there is the huge scheme, in active progress, for the whole catchment area of the Conon basin—an ingenious and impressive affair involving the creation of four new lochs (five when Glen Orrin is included), miles of dramatic tunnelling through mountains—tunnels, bigger than a London Tube, which loch water will fill to the roof—and the linking of Loch Fannich and Loch Luichart with the new reservoirs, to feed a series of four generating stations at descending levels. Here the one feature damaging to "amenity" is a visible pipe-line on a hillside by Grudie Bridge; but trees are being planted to hide it. The new lochs (three in barren, dreary glens) will add to beauty; the hills absorb the pylons; the dams are in no way disagreeable; and the salmon fishing—a real pre-occupation of the Board—is being improved by skilful plans, including a fish lift, worked like a canal lock.

Still further North, the Loch Shin scheme has still to be launched. With a main generating station at Invershin, there will be a subsidiary station on the Western side of the watershed. This will enable power to be extended to the North-western tip of Scotland, just as the completed Kerry Falls plant near Gairloch and the Glen Udalain station near Loch Alsh (both small schemes) serve crofting counties further South. For this must be put to the Board's credit from the standpoint of the Highlands: not merely will the Board, when all its schemes (including Loch Sloy and the Perthshire plants) are completed, be generating an output which would cost annually 2 m. tons of coal to produce by steam; distribution to potential local users is being given high place in plans. The biggest distribution scheme, so far, is naturally among the 2,400 farms of relatively populous North-east Aberdeenshire and Banffshire; but even on the semi-derelict coast of Wester Ross, transmission lines are a surprising testimony to someone's faith in the future. By 1960, the Board hopes to make electricity available to 60 per cent of the crofts in its area, and promising experiments are being made in electrical hay-drying.

So far, so good. But note: the Board's Charter allows it to "collaborate" in schemes for industrial development; it has nothing like the wide powers of T.V.A., and cannot manufacture or even lend money to start a factory. Is there any hope that private enterprise will fill the gap? Is the Board's long-empty building hard by the Fasnakyle generating station—eminently suitable for light engineering or machine knitting—a portent of final Highland defeat? *Le airgid no ni cha till MacCruimein?* Shall better times never come to Gathering-day? From the Conon Valley I went West, by Achnasheen, in quest of a possible answer.

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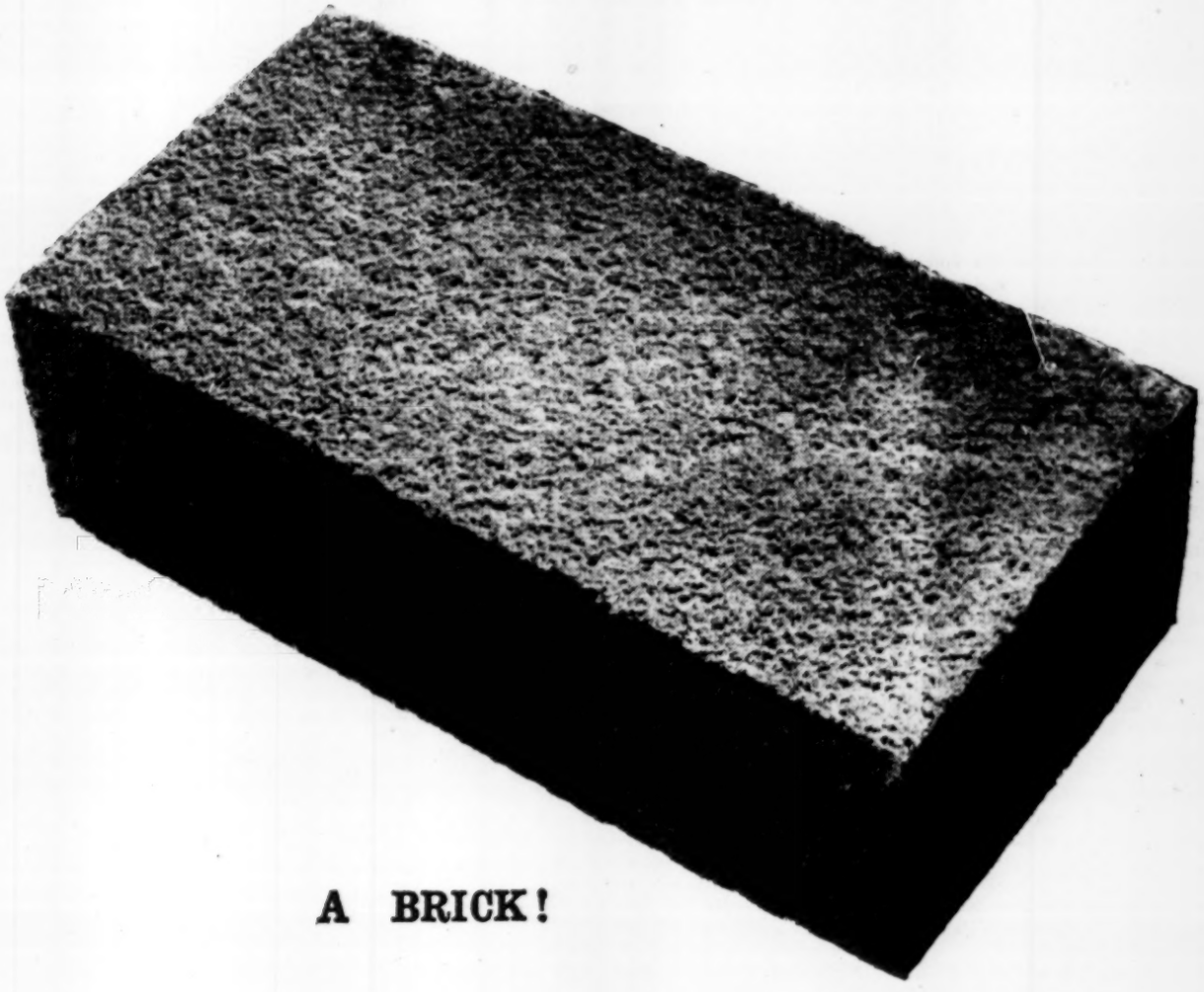
The Country of King Sobhuza

AMONG the African potentates who graced the Coronation was a rugged but finely built man in late middle-age who had exchanged his accustomed leopard skin for a lounge suit, but had done a great deal to make good this loss of natural ease and dignity by bringing with him his youngest and prettiest wife. She is, if I am rightly informed, the ninety-third wife of King Sobhuza II—a state of connubial proliferation which should not, however, be judged for levity or something worse in King Sobhuza, but rather as evidence of that monarch's tact and skill in governing through family alliance. King Sobhuza has a wife in every part of Swaziland, his country, and therefore an inexhaustible supply of mothers-in-law. This is important to any king of Swaziland, because the senior mother-in-law has tribal rank and responsibility. His annual progress through the hills and plains of Swaziland takes him from royal kraal to royal kraal and enables him, because he is a steady expert in wedlock as well as a good diplomatist, to outplay the tribal elders who might otherwise outplay him.

In consequence, Swaziland boasts a tribal system which is as near to being the genuine and original article as any you can still discover in Africa. Throughout most of Africa the system known as "indirect rule"—ideally, the government of tribal Africans through their own tribal authorities—has led to the disintegration and corruption of tribal life, has displaced tribal democracy by dictatorship through nominated chiefs and elders, and has left rural Africans with nothing but the outward shows of self-administration. Everyone who wants African advancement must welcome the collapse of tribalism; but the case is pitiful when Administration clings to "indirect rule" and refuses, as it generally does, to push forward into new forms of self-government. It is good for the African to rid himself of tribal loyalties which retain him easily in bondage to the White man; but when he is permitted neither to retain his tribal system *nor* to exchange it for something better, he is forced to waver between the one and the other, knowing no secure loyalties, unsure of past and future. This is his unhappy situation in most mixed territories.

It is not the case in little Swaziland, King Sobhuza's country is grossly out of date, no doubt, but it is a happier country than any to be found elsewhere in southern Africa precisely

AND THE ANSWER?



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because the tribal system here still functions as smoothly and honestly as the presence of a White man's Administration will permit. The country is run by the Administration, but the Administration is also out of date—in this case attractively and beneficently out of date. Men like Armstrong, Silburn, Purcell, and others who inhabit the neat little whitewashed Secretariat among the hills at Mbabane, have spent most of their adult years in Swaziland, loving the country and its people, devoted to their ways, dedicated not to making money but to making honest government. They are none of your go-getting politicians and your up-and-coming money-spinners: they are there to exercise the Queen's protection, and this task absorbs their whole life, apart from playing bowls and cricket, telling plain tales from the hills, and thinking in a leisurely way about their next leave in Durban or in Devonshire. Their burden is "the old Swazi"; and they would not drop it—or him—for anything.

Their attitude, it will be said, is paternalist.

"Is there any agitation for a Legislative Council in Swaziland?"

"Oh, no," said the Assistant Resident Secretary firmly; "Why should there be?"

Once a year the National Council meets. That consists, in theory, of all Swazi males; in practice, of several hundred chiefs and chiefly representatives. But all these chiefs are small beer compared with Sobhuza; and Sobhuza rules his people through a Standing Committee which meets once a week and considers all legislation bearing on African affairs. Being an intelligent autocrat, Sobhuza sees to it that the Administration listens to his advice; and the Administration, consisting of the kind of people I have mentioned, wants to listen to his advice and does listen. There is consequently much negotiation; and Sobhuza's autocracy is limited in practice by tribal elders whom he cannot easily ignore. There is merit in this system because Swazi tribalism is still a living thing, because the pyramids of tribal authority rises unequivocally to Sobhuza and no one else, and because the Administration is honest and is good.

Things might easily have gone otherwise. In Rhodes's day this little country was invaded by adventurers and prospectors of every stripe, riding in from Barberton across the shadowed mountains and pestering King Mbandeni, a feckless monarch, for mineral rights, land rights, grazing rights, and rights which covered the most remote likelihood of making money that the wit of man could discover; and Mbandeni, taking payment in booze and breech-loaders and greyhounds and horses, handed out concessions right and left. "Indeed," the Director of Swaziland's geological survey has pointed out, "there is hardly any right or item which was not handed out in one way or another, in some cases twice or thrice over." Within a few years the Swazis awoke to the fact that they had lost the greater part of their soil, and all their sub-soil.

British protection stopped this in 1906. Gradually, the Swazis are being helped to reacquire some of the land they lost, so that today they own nearly two-thirds of Swaziland, European settlers farming the rest. No more land is made available for European settlement; when companies or corporations desire to purchase land for development they have to compensate the Swazi nation by returning to it the same amount of European-owned land. This means, of course, that the Swazis are having to buy back with their own money the land which their hood-winked king of 1875 gave away for next to nothing: even so, it is better than the reverse process, practised in the Union of South Africa, of steadily depriving Africans of land. The big forestry schemes in the splendid mountains of western Swaziland include pieces of land (3,500 acres in the case of the Colonial Development Corporation's scheme, and 400 acres in the scheme financed by Barclays Bank) that will eventually return to the Swazi nation's ownership, complete with standing timber and yielding a gross income which may be as much as £60,000 a year.

Swazi cattle have suffered badly from "East Coast disease" since about 1910. Thanks to regular and compulsory dipping of cattle, this tick-borne plague is now practically eradicated; and the veterinary department under Capt. Barnard is having success in improving stock by selected bulls of the local *Inguni* strain. Every new-born calf has to be registered with the veterinary department, and from each of them a blood-smear is taken to control disease. Something is being done to slow up soil erosion; dams are being built for cattle dips and watering; and the marketing of milk and cream is being assisted through a widespread network of "Native creameries." Irrigation schemes linked to the Usuto and Komati rivers—two of the finest rivers in southern Africa—will contribute to African farming, although their main contribution will be to European farming.

Swazis need carry no passes, and the customary colour bar does not worry them because their contact with Whites is irregular and unimportant. Every Swazi male pays a flat rate of 35 shillings a year in poll tax, with a supplement for each wife up to a maximum of £3 15s for a man with three wives. As a rule, the Swazis have been able to earn this cash payment in their own country; and they have never sent as many men to the Union (to the mines or farms) as Bechuanaland or Basutoland. A census of 1946 showed about 16,000 "temporary absentees" from Bechuanaland, 70,778 from Basutoland (with double the population) but only 9,500 from Swaziland.

There is plenty to criticise in Swaziland. Tribal stagnation is at best a negative good; and the economics of this little country show that the White man finds it very profitable. Its first African doctor has just qualified at the University of the Witwatersrand, and its total of university graduates will be twelve when a second doctor qualifies next year. Yet this is a happy land within its own old-fashioned terms of reference. Its people undergo few of the racialist miseries that are so readily available in the Union next door. The Swazis know this well. They speak of the Union with hostility and disgust.

It is possible, even probable, that the South African Government will shortly ask again for annexation of Swaziland and the other two High Commission territories. To grant this request would be to destroy not only the relatively good conditions which a paternalist administration has ensured for Swaziland (as also for Basutoland): it would be the betrayal of a trust that the British Parliament, one may hope, will be ashamed to commit.

BASIL DAVIDSON

(To be concluded)

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Dog Days

THE house was nearly at the top of a hill and from its terrace you could see, if you looked to the right, a viaduct and the terracotta town; to the left, the Montagne Ste. Victoire; in front, the cypresses, then the chestnuts, then the pines on the other slope of the valley, and just above the pines a distant rock called The King's Pestle. Jack, to whom it was a constant surprise that he was nearly forty and who always thought of last year as 1939, sat in the July sun, spat olive stones over the terrace rail and listened to the crickets. Having arrived from England only the day before, he was by no means used to the crickets yet. They made such varieties of noise: boiling kettles, alarum clocks, goods-trains on inclines, seething sausages, school-girls hissing a villain at a matinee, faulty electric fans: and all, it seemed to him, pervasive. He found it odd that he was not obliged to shout to other people here, especially as it was necessary for him to listen so very particularly, so very closely, if he wished to catch the conversation of the six people with him on the terrace.

"I fixed this job in the Paris office so I could have three days in Algiers. I shall fly to Algiers tomorrow and do this job in five minutes. Then for three days minus five minutes I shall just lie around with George. I truly am ashamed of myself. And I used to be such a conscientious girl. Can it be the climate, d'you suppose? Or is it that I've got me to the top of my profession?"

"I've practically never had any luck with my curtsies . . . Leopold was sitting in an installation immediately below the end of the platform. Immediately below, and regally attentive and observant. The organisers had evidently forgotten that skirts were short at that time."

"There's been nothing French in French painting for fifty years, and by fifty years I mean seventy-five or a hundred. . . . Turn Hegel upside down and let Marx shuffle around with time on his hands in London, and can you wonder that Klee and Modigliani could stifle that wonderful lonely whimper of Delacroix?"

"An M.T.B. (but don't be silly—but of course you do! Emm Tee Bee). Forty foot is what they say and their word's good enough for me. I told my man to bring her to Marseilles by next Wednesday, but the telegram from Falmouth saying they've left hasn't arrived yet. Of course my man put his head in an oven last month—only it was Calor gas or Botta gas or one of those things that doesn't work in quite that way."

After Jack had spent two minutes studying the melon rind on his plate and had decided that next time he would not let a trace of green show through at all, his hostess rebuked him for sitting there with his teeth clenched like an overlooked politician. He stirred himself and managed to say, "One night when I was a small boy in 1923 I prayed, very much on my knees and with my

hands pressed together and with my eyelids screwed up. I really achieved prayer. There was to be an important picnic next day and I had to have fine weather. I got a handsome day, blue, hot. But God did not know when to stop. No more rain fell for six months. This was the best-known drought of the century. I knew perfectly well it was my fault but did not dare to tell anyone."

As soon as he stopped talking, he realised that the noise of the crickets had stopped too. The kettles, clocks, trains, sausages, schoolgirls, fans had vanished as if a finger had tripped a switch. Shocked by this abominable silence, he looked round the table—but people were still talking. He looked up at the tree that shaded the table. A second ago it had been throbbing with that dry, high sound and now it had nothing lively to offer but a two-way procession of ants on its trunk: the night shift streaming past the day shift: refugees and a pushing army on a long straight road with no cover anywhere.

"The crickets!" he said.

"You'll get used to them. You won't notice them in a day or two."

Nobody stared at him. Guy helped his neighbours to wine. Pagoul trisected a slice of meat and gave the pieces to three dachshunds. Roxane watched him do it, frowning. Hardwick pressed a finger under his ribs to try and locate his liver. Lou stirred the salad. Betty chewed, genteel as a wax madonna.

Cautiously, so as not to attract attention, Jack looked about him. Other things had happened. The pale viaduct was still there, but one of its arches was missing and a cascade of water was tumbling over into the gap; on the other edge of the gap, a train was standing, irresolute. The cypresses, young and old, across the valley had been draped in white sheets that reached almost to the ground. The swimming pool below the terrace was quite empty now except for the spoonfuls of permanganate they had put in that morning as a precaution against poliomyelitis; the permanganate had arranged itself into patches of the exact shape of spoons. Across the face of the Montagne Ste. Victoire a cross had been drawn—not a Maltese cross or a cross of Lorraine but a cross such as a teacher puts against a sum that is wrong, with one stroke slightly heavier and shorter than the other.

Jack tried again, but without any great hope of success. "I did not know the viaduct carried a river. Is it a fairly recent innovation?"

They could not have heard him for there was no break in their conversation.

"Isn't it heavenly? This sun day after day and food *ad lib*. Only why must these French go on blowing their horns like they do? Oh, I admit espadrilles are grand fun but what happens when it rains? Can you imagine going shopping in York in espadrilles? And these *ants*. But oh, it's absolutely heavenly. Damn."

"Max was sweating away dismantling the fountain and setting it up again in the dining-room. He whistled for me and I came running and there the poor darling was with the Governor-General and his lady who'd called a day earlier than we'd been warned. Just as I was, in my shorts and top, I swept a beautiful curtsey, hands out and everything. But I don't really think it helped much."

"The tram conductor stated that this was true clavicular heat. I said that the word he was looking for was 'canicular'. He would not agree and accused me of profiting by my superior

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education to make a mock of him in front of the other passengers. He was obstinate even when I assured him that all the world knew of the difference between a collar-bone and the dog days. He sulked in silence. But as I was descending, he roused himself and shouted 'Go and caniculate yourself!' Many people laughed, some at him, some at me."

It took Jack a very short time to make up his mind—for he knew that a decision had to be taken exactly then and exactly there. He would have to get out of this situation and, by getting out of it, resolve it: step out and down from the picture: the removal of one piece could transform a chess-board. So many things had gone wrong and there was nothing he could say that anyone could hear, let alone listen to. There was this engulfing suspicion that it was all his fault. There was bound to be something he could have found to do about it.

He put down his napkin, regretting the wine-smudges, and walked quickly away. From his bedroom window he had seen the well behind a file of cypresses, tallest in the centre, shortest on the flanks. The stone wall of the well crowned a mound that had been carefully planted with irises in lines like the spokes of an umbrella. These irises looked miserable now, for already no rain had fallen for four months. He raised the two halves of the grille covering the well-mouth and found them stiff and a little rusty. He got on to the wall, took hold of the iron bar that supported the pulley for the bucket-chain, hung there for perhaps three seconds and then let go.

They had all followed Jack, watching him in silence from behind the cypresses. Guy, Pagoul and Hardwick now went forward and leaned over the wall to haul him up from where he had fallen on the bricked-in platform nearly five feet below. Betty giggled to see the old cobwebs lacing his face. They put him in an armchair in the drawing-room where it was cool and the light that got past the shutters was a gentle, elegant green. Roxane brought him an infusion of lime flowers. Hardwick brought him a box of Turkish Delight that had been flown from Istambul that morning, and then closed the door very quietly behind him.

His head was aching when he woke up, the back of his head, and he was hot even though the shutters had now been opened. He drank a little of the cold infusion, looking at his watch and finding that it was after seven o'clock. That explained the bumbling of voices from the terrace. To avoid listening to it, he picked up a newspaper. There was the Tour de France or there was Korea. Trembling with concentration he forced himself to read every fact retailed about the great bicycling race: the defection of the Italians after a skirmish in the Pyrenees: the gallant failure of the Belgians: the order of the day: the over-all situation: the casualty list: the consideration of tactics and strategy: expert views on the outcome of tomorrow's struggle.

On an inside page there was a strip-cartoon about the career of the Maid of Orleans—and this he studied in detail. Afterwards, on the other inside page, he found a piece which he read aloud. "An Armenian of Toulouse drinks the blood of one of his victims and preserves the ear of the other in a wine-glass. 'They betrayed my brother to the Germans. I am now happy.'" Then he went back to the Tour de France.

But he had to give in. At the finish, his resistance collapsed entirely and suddenly, like a frayed rope, like the end of a parlour-firework. "Double sweep of Northern encircling move." "Need for smaller perimeter after loss of Pohang." He had held out for nearly a month now—turning his back, shutting his eyes, declining to listen: crumpling newspapers, switching off the wireless, turning the conversation. (If he did not know, how could he be accused of treachery? If he made himself blank, could he not suspend belief and hope?) "Western strategic theory not valid." "Refugees urged not to cross the river." He read on now with a wild relish. He read it all three, four times. The ache in his skull had moved from the back round to that fashionably chronic place between the eyes and a little above. "Supply problems becoming acute." "Round-the-clock bombing." From time to time he smiled, almost with relief.

He went out to the end of the terrace where the others were sitting, and the first words spoken to him killed his smile. It was Roxane who spoke first, and Jack stared at her very carefully, trying to decide if it was a joke and, if so, what kind of joke. Gibberish out of context could hardly be funny. There could be no *obligation* to laugh. What she said came to him as "High rope ceiling butter. We rue combustible." Pagoul put an arm round his shoulder, and Guy, bringing round a chair for him and nodding his head at the little iron table, said: "Window genius pir aanoder handy?"

He found himself about to make some angry exclamation, but he checked it. If they wanted to amuse themselves at a time like this—all right; he would play their own game with them. He addressed them in turn, rapidly. "Yes, Roxane. No, Pagoul. Yes, Guy. No, Lou. Yes, Betty, No Hardwick." With a flourish, he raised one of the mugs from the table, and said bitterly, "I give you a toast—'Yes and No.' A toast. A piece of cake. The very biscuit." Lou now rose, smiling—the only one to smile, took the mug away from him, linked her arm in his and led him back down the terrace again.

Jack had liked Lou very much indeed. She was honest, laconic, ambitious; she had read the same sort of books he himself had read, only probably much more quickly; she didn't like Chicago. He tried to explain. "At first I thought it was my fault alone. Because of something I had done or not done, I felt the responsibility was solidly on me. What is happening now everywhere is so fabulous and bad, so pathetic, that it cannot have ordinary roots. Economic roots?—too ordinary. Spiritual roots?—too imprecise. It was much more likely to be me. But I know now that I was wrong."

"Graffles no purrying."

He closed his eyes for a moment to help smother his irritation. "You prove it, you see. The fault is *your* fault—all the rest of you. If you had cared enough, you could have stopped all this happening."

They had passed through the door in the wall at the end of the terrace, skirted some flower-beds and were now crossing a threshing-floor where they sometimes played volley ball. At the far side of the threshing-floor stood an old stone column with a battered capital and, a few yards beyond it, another well. Jack lifted the two halves of the iron grille. There was no rust on these. He bent over the coping and saw the shine of water far below. "Have you ever seen a double reflection?" he said. "Can you explain it? Do you know anything about optics? Come and look." Lou put her elbows on the wall and leaned forward to look for the double reflection. (No difficulty whatsoever. Catch her by the calves—one quick upward jerk—and she'd be over. Her cry would be muffled and could pass for an owl or a frog or a dog. All that would be necessary then would be to bring the others out one by one.)

As he stooped for Lou's legs, Guy, who was

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tall and broad, leaped forward and took him, awkwardly but effectively. Pagoul was angry. "Your trouble is pride," he shouted. "You must learn humility and patience."

"And efficiency." Guy went on to mix gin with pastis as an experiment.

"I have been telephoning about you," said Betty.

"No one's to blame, sugar. It's just the way we are," drawled Lou.

Hardwick said, "Your two propositions, both of them, Jack, are demonstrably false."

Roxane touched Jack's arm. "Here is your favourite wine. See—the bottle is still half full. Drink some. Be comfortable. Perhaps there is not much time to be comfortable."

Jack tasted the wine and looked again at the valley. The telephone ringing sharply in the house made him glance up at Roxane.

She shook her head. "Not quite yet. You've a little longer. Just like the rest of us. The wine *is* good, isn't it." Then she turned to the others. "Have any of you people realised that it's the Fourteenth of July today? There'll be fireworks in the town. Within the hour."

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The Arts and Entertainment

MATTHEW SMITH

MATTHEW SMITH at his best is a painter of great authority. Easily the most important English painter of his generation, he rivals the older Sickert or John (whose early greatness is now overlooked) in the truly professional nature of his attack—by which I mean that he possesses in a high degree the ability to draw, compose and execute his pictures with such breadth and apparent ease of handling that that most typical of English failings, a lack of rhythm and a tight meanness of form, is always absent from his pictures. And there are other respects in which he is more French than English: he understands, as few other English painters living do, the true potentialities of colour, which he is able to use at once with scientific accuracy and an exciting emotional effect. Only in a master of colour do these two functions of colour coincide, so that structure and form are actually begotten of colour in its fullest saturation, and vice versa.

Like Matisse and certain other Fauves, Matthew Smith is such a master. Had he consented to make Paris his headquarters instead of London, there is little doubt, in my mind at least, that the world beyond these shores would have been taught to value him at least as high as Vlaminck, and a good deal higher than Marquet or Friesz, for example. It is gratifying that the Tate Gallery should be honouring him at last, here in London, in a manner fitting his achievement. This retrospective exhibition is, of course, rather late in coming. Matthew Smith will be 74 this year and it is conceivable that, had this or another selection of eighty-one of his paintings been massed thus for our pleasure and appraisal ten years ago, their impact would have been, not greater, but more relevant—at any rate to all his younger admirers. The fact is, Matthew Smith has steadily exerted an influence on British painting which has infiltrated rather than overwhelmed, producing its effect without ever being openly acclaimed or acknowledged. One has only to compare the use of colour, the plastic freedom and command of form and design which so many of his younger colleagues now instinctively enjoy, with the cramped, provincial, tepid, timid tidiness of all but a few among his own generation of British artists. If critical justice were always done, Matthew Smith would have enjoyed—in England—the prestige of a daring innovator twenty years ago.

This is not to overpraise him. I am not suggesting that he compares with Matisse himself. His idiom is altogether less daring, inventive or expressive than that of Matisse. Matthew Smith's problems have remained those of early Fauvism. Indeed in certain respects he is even more "old fashioned" than that—since he has never tired of that plastic modelling of forms which the flatter images of the mature Matisse "superseded": Smith's image of jug, olive tree or opulent neck and bosom are nearly always modelled, to the same degree of illusionistic rotundity as were the forms of Cézanne in about 1885, for instance. But the question of his up-to-dateness, either now or in 1920, is of secondary importance when we are in the position of being able to survey the greater part of the fruits of this painter's career. Today at the Tate what we contemplate with so much reward is the very personal statement of a remarkably mature, and a powerfully integrated artistic personality. With Matthew Smith the means of expression are as articulate and fluent as those of any British painter since Constable: and they are perfectly adjusted to his ends—which are not strange, or ambitious, or grandiose, but humble and in the most exciting sense, materialistic—concerned to praise the actual and the everyday.

Therefore his dahlias are real; their voluptuous depths of almost blackish crimson are the smoky explosions that actually, at this very moment, are giving cottage gardens their one yearly hint of the tropical. His nudes are not dream-figures; but women of the softer, rounder kind, undressed. The element of surrealist disquiet is as utterly remote from this Fauve realist as are the structural preoccupations of the Cubists, or of their still more abstract brothers. Not that structure, as is occasionally asserted, is weak in Smith. He *draws* with colour, with a gigantic smudge or a sensuous weaving back and forth of the loaded brush—and we feel the density, weight and contour of his pears, his red Provençal hillsides, his model's thigh or belly. In fact, it is in this very breadth, in the controlled gusto of his calligraphic brush that Matthew Smith's failures materialise, when they do. The breadth is sometimes broad—but empty. The very voluminousness of the forms—so hard for most to achieve at all—sometimes decomposes into vacuous loopings of coloured lines.

The realism of Matthew Smith is that of the observer. Like Matisse, but unlike Picasso, Matthew Smith paints always (one can surely surmise?) from the subject direct. He does not invent either his objects themselves or the positions in which they appear in relation to one another. What arranging there is, is done by the painter before he begins—stepping carefully about under the olives, finding the view, the angle of vision which composes the hillside there before him into a potential Matthew Smith. Or shoving apples, pears, jugs of roses about across the table top in the studio.

Once all these things have been methodically determined, what distortion there is consists only of a slight pulling about of profiles or big planes—jug profiles lurch and stretch beautifully, into rhythmic accord with the wall or a curtain: table tops tip up a bit. And the protruding bulges of rotund forms, whether breasts or peaches, are actually enhanced by a flattening, sideways-and-downwards sort of brushstroke, often extending from fat outline to fat outline. And from this it follows that his typical design is a fluid rather than a rigid scheme, composed of curves and arabesques rather than straight lines, right-angles or rectilinear volumes. Nor is he successful when he occasionally tries out the latter sort. There are virtually no straight horizontals and verticals in his works. But that is a mark in his favour from the standpoint of the present moment. The rectilinear has triumphed universally of late. With a painting such as *Couleur de Rose*, number 24, a baroque composer like Matthew Smith brings a needed relief to eyes surfeited on the geometric.

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A CARL NIELSEN FESTIVAL—II

CARL NIELSEN wrote two operas: *Saul and David* (1902) and *Maskarade* (1906). Some years ago I had seen the far more popular *Maskarade*, and had concluded that its broad "Hanswurst" humour and thinly spread musical invention made it an impossible proposition outside its native country. But *Saul and David*, revived during the Nielsen Festival at Copenhagen, proved to be a powerful work of art. It starts with the advantage of a libretto, by Einar Christiansen, which is a concise and effective dramatisation of one of the world's great stories. On the literary quality of the text I can offer no comment (my Danish friends tell me that it is simple and dignified), but I have seen few operas in which the action is so shapely, musical and clear. It might seem that the second and third of its four acts were repetitive in structure, since in each a scene of popular rejoicing is interrupted by the jealous wrath of Saul. But in practice these two scenes have the cumulative effect of two great waves, the second of which provides the turning point of the whole action. We have witnessed (after some ravishingly beautiful nocturnal music) the famous episode in which the outlawed David spares the life of the sleeping Saul, taking only—as evidence—the King's spear and pitcher. After David has aroused the whole camp, there is a majestic and splendid ensemble of reconciliation, in which lucid and uncrowded counterpoint reaches an imposing C major climax. At this moment, with a splendid effect of visual irony, a disquieting figure appears on the mountain heights to announce the arrival of Samuel. The dying prophet has come to anoint David as King, and thus in effect to destroy the newly won harmony between the two men.

When he wrote *Saul and David*, Nielsen had already abjured his youthful enthusiasm for Wagner, and though something of Wagner remains in the score (male voice declamation against soft harmony on the brass, an occasional instrumental "turn," and so on), the structure is wholly un-Wagnerian. Representative themes, for instance, scarcely exist; the music falls into the slightly disguised set pieces of late Verdi. There are some conventional pages, but little that is bare or lacking in musical substance: almost always the music streams spontaneously forward, with a readily discernible melody either in the voice or in the orchestra. Already the composer shows his strong feeling for instruments and for the colour and sequence of keys. A typical instance is the first entrance of David, where, after the sultry heat of Saul's monologue we breathe the fresh mountain air of the oboe and D major. The opera, written just before the "Four Temperaments" symphony, and akin to it in style, is mainly a study in human personality. It is not too fanciful to claim that the two title-roles comprise, between them, all four temperaments. Saul, a Wotan-like bass-baritone, is the embodiment of the Choleric and the Melancholic; David, a lyrico-dramatic tenor, mingles the Sanguine with something very close to the Phlegmatic. Saul, the centre of the opera, is no stage villain but a real personage, characterised by rapid quaver basses, violently shifting harmony, and in his final defiance of God by a certain Promethean magnificence.

Of the minor characters only Abner is wholly conventional; Samuel (bass), Jonathan (tenor), Michal (soprano) and the Witch of Endor (contralto) are all admirably sketched in. Michal's love-duet with David makes a perfect lyrical ending to the stormy first act; and her long scene with the women, during David's off-stage contest with Goliath, is as skilful dramatically as it is musically beautiful. The scene in the cave of Endor begins impressively but shows inexperience at the apparition of Samuel: there is little sense of mystery at this point, and the old prophet sounds much the same dead as he did when alive. On the other hand, the final ensemble is masterly. Nielsen has here responded fervently to the librettist's fine picture of a grief-stricken David surrounded by the heedlessly joyful crowd, and at the very end turning characteristically—instinctive popular leader of men that he is—from the expression of his grief to unite all voices in a song of praise to Jehovah. It is a noble conclusion; and in the whole score, though it lacks the piercingly memorable quality of the great masters, there is something so noble and spontaneous, so well-proportioned and true, that I found it, especially at a second hearing, deeply moving. It seems to me a strange world which leaves this touching if imperfect work to languish in Scandinavia for fifty years while sending the neat, clever contrivances of *The Rake's Progress* round the operatic map within a season or two; but I know that this view will seem to many, probably to most, an eccentric heresy. The performance at the Royal Theatre, conducted by Johan Hye-Knudsen, with Holger Byrding as Saul, Thyge Thygesen as David, Hanna Allin as Michal and Otte Svendsen as Jonathan, was musically strong, dramatically and visually very poor. I am so glad to have seen the opera that only a strict regard for truth compels me to make that complaint. Those two evenings have enriched my life, and I shall never forget them.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

"A DOLL'S HOUSE"

IT is still very difficult to listen to an Ibsen play undistracted. Echoes of past controversies will hover between us and any performance. *A Doll's House* is especially interrupted—by the scared cries of indignant moralists, the triumphant huzzahs of emancipated women and, louder than either, the self-confident crowing of G.B.S. And if we do achieve the feat of disregarding them, we find ourselves making reservations, if not excuses. *A Doll's House* is only the second of the naturalistic dramas, so naturally the contrivances creak a little more loudly than when he became more skilful. As pure drama the end doesn't really work, and for a simple reason: the woman Nora becomes in the last twenty minutes is nowhere adequately prepared for in the child she is shown as in the first two hours.

Still, that said, *A Doll's House* remarkably survives the conditions which created it. Women are no longer chattels, husbands are seldom tyrants, but dependence still masquerades as independence and finds willing victims to play under them. And even if some of the smaller characters seem contrived, the protagonists themselves are conceived with that passionate fidelity to truth which makes Ibsen's characters so compellingly alive. And yet they remain wonderfully actable, too, as "parts."

But surely it is a curious fallacy to suppose that because the play is Scandinavian it will be best interpreted for us by Scandinavian players. In their own language possibly, but not in ours. There are enough verbal obstacles to our enjoyment of Ibsen already in the translations, which are cluttered with awkwardness and "foreignisms." Truth was what Ibsen was quarrying; and whatever stands between the illusion of reality and an English audience wants drastically reorganising. To take a small example, English wives with a sweet tooth eat chocolates and sweets—they don't sip jellies or nibble macaroons. And if they do, even the most odiously playful of husbands can hardly be credible when he asks them, "Hasn't the little sweet-tooth been playing pranks today?" Mr. Peter Ashmore, who adapted as well as produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, hasn't done enough adaptation by half for my taste.

But add to that the inevitable mis-pronunciation, misplaced emphases and distortions of intonation which arise from actors speaking a foreign language, and yet a further veil comes down between us and the Ibsen truth. The Danish actor, Mogens Wieth, had a clear and convincing conception of the self-righteous husband, Helmer. I see it would have been excellent in his own tongue, and he did have one magnificent scene, the scene where he and Nora come down from the party upstairs. He is a little drunk and decidedly

amorous and savouring the moment of being alone with his delicious toy. And then the interruptions! In his lechery and his irritated impatience alike Mr. Wieth was excellent. Miss Mai Zetterling seems to me to have greatly improved as an actress; but, alas, that doesn't make her a Nora. Temperamentally, she is a romantic actress who must make her effects by the charm of a personality shot through with a streak of sadness. Nora calls for a different kind of acting, for character acting in fact, and Miss Zetterling does not yet command this.

Mr. Peter Ashmore's production was sensitive and full of small, helpful, imaginative touches, but a production can't be accounted a success if it fails at the big moments. The tarrantella scene, a brilliantly dramatic and effective climax to the second act, went quite wrong; it was as tame as could be. Then surely he should have envisaged that his designer's multiple set was going to be more ingenious than appropriate. Certainly it is a relief to leave behind the too stuffy and gloomy sets of the Ibsen convention. But Mr. Reece Pemberton added a bedroom on the left of the stage to balance the passage on the right leading to Helmer's study. Playing a small scene or two here between Nora and Mrs. Linden, say, did not much matter. But to put the great last scene there perched and cramped off-centre is to dissipate the interest, and the extra business involved —Helmer undoing his braces, Nora reaching round him to gather up her trinkets—introduces just the wrong kind of realism at the very moment when truth itself is in a precarious balance.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Belissima," at the Continentale
"Laughing Anne," at the Leicester Square Theatre
"The Moment of Truth," at the Academy

Assistant to Jean Renoir in France in the Thirties, and a distinguished stage director for several years in his own country, Luchino Visconti made his first film in 1943. His second, *La Terra Trema*, a long, meditative and sombre study of Sicilian fishermen, is among the best half-dozen films of the last five years, but it has hardly been seen outside Italy.

Belissima, his latest, tells of a contest organised by a film company in Rome to find a seven-year-old girl for its new production. Outside the Cinecitta studios, hundreds of eager gesticulating mothers arrive with their little prodigies; more impatient and expostulatory than any is Maddalena (Anna Magnani), with her subdued, gravely charming daughter. Determined for her child to win, overjoyed when, after lisping a poem, she is selected as a finalist, the mother plunges herself into a hectic, alien world. Her husband, furious at the neglect of his home and the child's evident exhaustion, beats her soundly, but the implacable Maddalena obtains a screen test for her bewildered Maria, at which the poor thing breaks down and weeps hysterically. Director and assistants are convulsed with laughter at the over-painted little creature, her hair hideously bobbed and primped, screaming her head off; but Maddalena, confronted with this pathetic and desperate image and the mockery it provides, is overcome with remorse. She refuses a contract for Maria when the director decides that, after all, this is the child he wants.

The opportunities for irony, hard impressionistic observation and atmosphere that the subject (developed from a story by Zavattini) offers, are brilliantly seized. Visconti fills in his scenes with a series of quick, bitingly effective strokes: the studio bustle, intrigue and clamour, the director (Alesandro Blasetti, playing himself) fondling the waiting mites like a politician visiting his constituency, the vast, noisy tenement in which Maddalena lives, the open-air cinema that she visits to watch, chattering indefatigably, *Red River*, the dancing school presided over by a retired ballerina still capable of bizarre and unexpected pirouette, the photographer's studio with a precocious monster posing, under fond maternal glances, as a Columbine. In its surface texture, its masterly accumulation of detail, this is a richly fascinating film; yet, all the same, there is something cold, even disinterested, at its centre, which Magnani's performance reflects. Wonderfully vivacious and glittering, it is never quite real and misses the pathos, the grief, of the closing episodes. Visconti, one feels, has encouraged the virtuoso display, perhaps because he was not really engaged, only entertained, by the subject.

Conrad has been led to the slaughter this week. That very minor story, *Because of the Dollars*, has been transformed into a vehicle, perhaps a tumbril, for Miss Lockwood; it is certainly unlikely to take her far. Laughing Anne herself, that poor creature deserted in turn by almost every sailor on the Malay Archipelago, and dying in an attempt to protect a former lover, becomes a tawdry *chanteuse* with a heart of gold and a guffaw hardly reconcilable with Conrad's "pleasant, silvery laugh." The anecdote has been stripped of all character by an almost daring lack of imagination.

The Moment of Truth is a somewhat refrigerated marital drama, in which a doctor (Jean Gabin) discovers that his wife, an actress (Michèle Morgan), has been having an affair with a painter (Walter Chiari), who commits suicide. Husband and wife talk it over in a series of flashbacks, are purged and reconciled. The film has one of those ingenious but rather meaningless narrative structures, and is played out on a refined "let's behave like civilised human beings" level; Chiari and Gabin make something of unrewarding roles, but Michèle Morgan, smartly turned out by Jacques Fath, continues with her lugubrious immobile phase, takes off and puts on hat and gloves at each emotional crisis, and is forever stubbing out cigarettes after leaning back her head for one dramatic puff. Jean Delannoy directs with his customary tidiness.

GAVIN LAMBERT

RADIO NOTES

HOME Service and Light Programme plays, plays, that is, that are not adaptations from the stage or from novels, but written directly for broadcasting: it is here, surely, that the B.B.C. is at its weakest. Yet the fault is scarcely the Corporation's. One knows what one would like to hear: intelligent entertainment at an adult level; the radio equivalent, let's say, of stage-plays like those written by Dorothy and Campbell Christie. And, having said this, one realises the enormity of the demand. Aren't such plays exactly those which are most lacking in the West End theatre itself? The B.B.C. is the victim of a general poverty. This being so, when a new play for broadcasting emerges that does deal with some adequacy with a real problem, one is almost bound to over-praise it.

Mr. John D. Stewart's *Leviathan with an Hook* seemed to me just such a play. It came from Northern Ireland. Mr. Stewart imagines a remote fishing-community in an unnamed country. The fish have gone, and when a monster is sighted in the bay all the villagers know why. But, as the Government scientists know, the fish would have gone in any case, for the sea-bed has shifted, and the monster is harmless. For the villagers the monster becomes the symbol of their fate and of their neglect by Government; for the Government it becomes a convenient tool by which to attempt to lever the fishermen away from the sea and into more economic occupations. The fishermen are stubborn in their superstition, the Government is caught out lying; the play ends in the solemn farce of the innocent and dying monster, which has strayed from its normal tropical feeding grounds, being killed by a gunboat.

The play, then, was a dramatic study in the clash between primitive superstition and objective trust and also between the expediencies of Government and scientific integrity. There were times, I thought, when the two subjects didn't quite fuse; too many issues were raised. Yet the subjects were real, and they were very skilfully dramatised: Mr. Stewart was inventing all the time, and some of the episodes were most exciting. Mr. John Gibson's production seemed to me for the most part admirable; the acting was rather less so.

This problem of the play written for broadcasting presses less hard on the Third. For one thing, the distinctions between the feature and the radio play are much less sharply drawn, as was seen in Mr. Henry Reed's most entertaining programme *A Very Great Man Indeed*. Mr. Reed was illustrating the difficulties of writing the biographies of the recently dead. His hero, with the evocative name of Herbert Reeve, is engaged on the life of Richard Shewin, "the poet's novelist," whose work, as quotation showed, was at the end of his career as strongly influenced by Mr. Graham Greene as at the beginning it had been by Henry James. Mr. Reeve visited friends, relations, executors; but where shall truth be found? It was extremely good fun, with one splendidly funny neurotic character, the novelist's brother, wonderfully played by Mr. Carleton Hobbs.

The Third Programme discussion on the nature of Elizabethan dramatic verse speaking between Dr. Bertram Joseph and Mr. Franklyn Kelsey, *With Good Accent and Good Discretion*, seemed to me to perform rather less than it promised. Dr. Joseph approached the subject from contemporary works on rhetoric, and Mr. Kelsey illustrated his theories with passages from Shakespeare and Marlowe. I am bound to say, in all humility, or impertinence—coming from a layman, they amount to the same thing—that apart from an occasional lengthening of the word and a lowering or raising of pitch, Mr. Kelsey's renderings didn't seem to me to differ from those generally given by good modern Shakespearean actors such as Mr. Wolfit. Mr. Kelsey, I thought, was merely using his voice as any actor playing in heroic drama or poetic tragedy should.

WILLIAM SALTER

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Festival Ballet, at the Festival Hall

Anton Dolin is to be congratulated on his enterprise in presenting so many foreign dancers as guest artists in his ballet company. First and foremost he has brought Yvette Chauviré to this country, and now there are the Hungarian stars, Norah Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky. At a gala performance, to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Festival Ballet, Yvette Chauviré returned to dance *The Dying Swan* with a finesse that far outshone the many other brilliant performances of the evening. This curious solo, lasting only four minutes, is made up to Saint-Saens's sighing, swoopy music, that overflows with sentiment, while the choreography consists of an almost continuous *bourrée*, with the arms waving in distracted, wing-like gestures. Mlle. Chauviré's interpretation gives the dance a taughtness and tragedy of marvellous beauty: she is a great artist. Norah Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky are great dancers rather than great artists. In their two *pas de deux* they performed some stunning feats with a technique of exceptional mastery, but beside their professional manner they lack that elusive artistry that gives an individual quality to every gesture. Mr. Rabovsky is wonderfully graceful in his enormous flights through the air. Miss Kovach is a different kind of dancer altogether: her movement is flashing, ugly and fiery, of the kind that fascinates but does not charm. Nevertheless, both these young dancers are highly exciting, and if they can restrain themselves from earning vast sums of money as a purely exhibition act, they may well become great artists.

A. F.

Correspondence

ISSUES AT GENEVA

SIR,—At the conference of States signatory to Gatt which has opened this week, the Australian Government has already indicated that it will take the lead in challenging the restrictions imposed by the U.S. on Imperial preferences. The immediate issue is Japan's demand, inspired and backed by the U.S., to become a party to Gatt. As a signatory, Japan would automatically benefit by the "most favoured nation" clause in the commercial treaties of all the other signatories. They would lose the right to protect themselves, by special tariff rate or other discriminatory measures, against imports of Japanese manufacturers based on a barbarously low standard of living and "cheap" wages. And, be it noted, U.S. occupation policy in Japan has been largely responsible for weakening the Japanese trade unions to the point where they cannot effectively challenge the rapacity of re-established Big Business, while American curbs on trade with China are channelling Japanese exports into the markets of Africa, the Pacific and non-Communist Asia.

To cope with this situation, the recovery of greater freedom for Imperial preferences may be a modest measure of economic self defence for the Commonwealth; but it is likely to prove illusory unless backed by other steps—particularly as the rest of the world looks on British Imperial preferences as an example of having it both ways. Last autumn, the European Consultative Assembly framed the so-called "Strasbourg Plan" which proposes a double-decker preferential group, linking preferences within the Commonwealth to a second preferential system between the Commonwealth and the European members of the group. British initiative on these lines might command wide support. But the Plan hinges on the revision of the "most favoured nation" clause, which virtually rules out mutual tariff concession—short of a full Customs Union—between groups of States, since all other countries automatically benefit by such concessions without any obligation to change their own tariff policies.

Now the "most favoured nation" clause is the cornerstone of Gatt—and of American commercial policy. It enables the U.S. to keep out foreign goods while claiming entry into the markets of low-tariff countries at the lowest rates they are prepared to concede each other. When Gatt was negotiated, the Americans successfully fought a British proposal that signatory States should be allowed to discriminate against the trade of a "dumping" State. The minimum British price for agreeing to the entry of Japan into Gatt should be greater freedom for Imperial preferences, revision of the "most favoured nation" clause, and the right to decide, without interference, how to conduct trade with the Communist half of the world.

K. ZILLIACUS

"PURGING THE SOCIALISTS"

SIR,—May I, as a senile member of the Labour Party, venture a humble remonstrance at the opening article in your last number?

The recent impressive statement by Mrs. Eirene White has reminded us that, if the Party is again to provide a Government, the different elements composing it, whatever their varying views on particular policies, must contrive to co-operate with each other in the spirit of mutual respect and confidence to be expected from comrades in a common cause. You rightly applaud her attitude; but the language accompanying your commendations is so singularly at variance both with her plea for tolerance, and with the admirable freedom from acrimony with which her views were advanced, that she might well feel tempted to pray to be delivered from her friends. The supercilious Pharisaism of your reference to "the well-tried devices of trade union demagogy and power-politics"—as though the sole representatives of these familiar failings of political man to contaminate the purity of an otherwise spotless Party were those children of sin, trade unionists and their unregenerate officials—is surely Holy Willy at his worst.

To an observer with no pretensions to political *expertise* two facts seem plain. The first is that the trade union leader, however sincere his Socialism, and the Socialist politician, however ardent his faith in trade unionism, necessarily and not improperly approach questions of political strategy from somewhat different angles. The second is that, partly for that reason, the alliance between trade unionism and Socialism which first founded the Labour Party, and later smoothed the way for its development, without schisms or secessions, into a Socialist Party, has not only been an invaluable asset to both movements, but, as the record of the last Labour Government proves, has effected improvements in the lives of the mass of the population, which neither, in isolation from the other, could conceivably have produced. Trade unionism has not, as in the past was freely foretold, been weakened by such instalments of Socialism as have been achieved; on the contrary, it has been greatly strengthened by them. Socialists have not regarded trade unionism as a cause which their own was destined to supersede; on the contrary, they have seen in it an indispensable pillar of the Socialist State, and not a few of them have done their ineffective best to respond to such demands as trade unions have from time to time made upon them. The truth is that over most of the country—except, apparently, in newspaper offices—trade unionists and Socialists work as colleagues hand in hand, in happy unconsciousness of the chasms of doctrine, principle and interest, or whatever the demon's correct title may be, alleged by wiseacres to divide them.

Mrs. Eirene White has refused, with admirable public spirit, to deepen dissension by mobilising against the "bludgeon" of one group of egomaniacs "the poisoned arrows" of another. Is it too much to ask that the orators, writers and publicists of the Party will follow her example, and, instead of driving wedges of division further home, will keep steadily before their eyes the obvious truth that the points on which the majority of its members are at one are both numerous and more important than those on which its vociferous minorities rejoice to disagree? By all means let different sections of opinion press their respective cases with all the vigour at their command; but let them do so by argument, not by vituperation, innuendoes and sneers of a kind which would be exaggerated if applied to opponents, and which, when directed against colleagues, are at once nauseous and absurd. The public cannot be expected to accord its confidence to a party which makes a noise like a mob of Pekinese puppies on the scramble for cake. Nor, if it could, would the antagonisms created by the controversial sterilities of the last two years be the best preparation for effective work by the next Labour Government.

R. H. TAWNEY

MR. PRIESTLEY'S WILDERNESS

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Fletcher's Socialism is free from any sentimental accretions. It is also uninhibited by the record of history and indifferent to the old-fashioned notion that Man's conduct has a relationship to the form of the society in which he lives.

As a consequence, in *his* controlled economy the rugged individualist flourishes; spurred on, no doubt, by National Boards, Regional Committees, departmental minutes and White Papers galore. Sir Ernest Benn's Society of Individualists presumably affiliates with the T.U.C. and even supplants Mr. Deakin's T.G.W.U. as the largest single union. Well, worse things could happen.

Mr. Fletcher envisages individual managers using increased powers to great effect and the public good; their daring and imaginations in no way constrained by the knowledge that "failure to use such powers *properly*" entails increased penalties. The lack of characteristic caution in the servants of the State might be attributed to their confidence in the judgment of Mr. Fletcher who, with other like minds, will almost certainly determine just what is meant by the word "properly" and the nature of the penalties to be inflicted. Contemporary history's lessons in this respect might conveniently be ignored.

Well, it's a pleasant enough concept, surely not without appeal to Sagittarius. But is it any more acceptable than the myth of the infallible Common Man? One cannot help wondering—even if, in doing so, one finds oneself accused of "snivelling." Wondering is one of Man's oldest habits and quite incurable. That it is also an irritation to those who have properly understood Socialism should not deter Mr. Priestley from further ruminations.

21 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

JOHN BOULTING

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—I am reluctant to flog a dead horse (in this case my old friend George Strauss), lambasted over the weeks in your columns by a number of well-informed correspondents. Yet, in the event, his article seems to have had at least three useful results.

In the first place, although, when first I read it, I was afraid it might prove a mischievous starting-point for disuniting or chilling the necessary enthusiasm that has grown up behind the National Theatre project, in fact it has demonstrated the unity of feeling that exists. So far, after six or seven weeks of correspondence, not a single letter has appeared to support Mr. Strauss's point of view. Even potential beneficiaries of it, like Mr. Hugh Willett, whose excellent repertory in Nottingham both requires and deserves substantial help, have been cool-headed enough to look the gift-horse in the mouth. They know that the existence of a National Theatre would promote rather than jeopardise their own prospects of development, which have hitherto always been hampered, as Mr. Peste reminds us, by the fact that here, in a country whose players and dramatic library are probably the finest in the world, the theatre, so far from enjoying prestige, has never even recovered

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fully from Cromwellian opprobrium. The makeshift home of the Old Vic in the Waterloo Road can never bring about the necessary revolution—quite apart from its technical shortcomings, which Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Llewellyn Rees have briefly explained and which Lilian Bayliss would have been the first to confirm.

But Mr. Strauss makes a valid point when he asks how far these shortcomings are likely to be reproduced in the projected new building on the South Bank. This is the second respect in which his article is useful.

Do the plans provide for, not merely all the elementary amenities on a proper scale, all the foreseeable working requisites and the maximum flexibility, but also room for an attached school and, above all, two auditoria, a large and a small? The necessity for this last provision has been argued so convincingly by Granville Barker in *The Exemplary Theatre* that practical theatre people have, I think, unanimously accepted it. At one point, the plans for the building were to include two theatres. Now, I understand, one of them has been dropped, with the inevitable result that sooner or later somebody was bound to ask, as Mr. Strauss has, why "just another theatre" should be built when an existing one might as well be utilised. Of course, even without the second auditorium the new building will have many essential advantages over any alternative available; but, even if this were not so, Mr. Strauss's considerable influence would be welcome in urging not that the new building should be shelved once more but that plans for it should be made to include everything which is desirable, even if it means some additional cost. After all, the opportunity of building an exemplary theatre will only come to this country once, and it would be a permanent reflection on our generation if we botched it for the sake of a derisory economy.

The third usefulness of Mr. Strauss's article was the reminder, which cannot be too often repeated, of the need to develop good theatre outside London. His error, I think, was in seeing this objective and that of a National Theatre as conflicting instead of complementary. He writes as though a million pounds had been voted, and was ready for immediate expenditure. In fact, it hasn't and it isn't. The money is only to be forthcoming "when economic conditions permit"—whenever that may be. In over seventy years they haven't permitted yet. When they do permit, or rather when a Government decides to stop making a mountain out of a financial molehill, when a Chancellor admits that, while he is budgeting for £4,360,000,000 he might just as well budget for £4,362,000,000, then there will be no reason why Britain should not have both a National Theatre and help for an important provincial scheme as well. The idea that this great country has never been able to afford either or both such small projects is so silly that it is hard to realise that it has ever been seriously advanced or accepted. France, generally considered a reasonably civilised and hardheaded land, spends nearly £1½ million on her theatres *annually*, not counting municipal subsidies. Far less solvent than we, she does not grudge £29,000 to M. Michel St. Denis for theatrical activities in a corner of Alsace, while we pack him back home to France and cut short the valuable work he was doing here, in conjunction with George Devine and Glen Byam Shaw, for the want of a mere three or four thousand pounds! The problem is not what we can afford for the theatre, but when we will manifest the will to spend upon it the miserable sums which are needed. If and when that will ever exists or animates a Government, it could embrace the provinces just as easily as a National Theatre. ("Now children, Uncle has only sixpence in his pocket. If he gives it to little Tommy in London, then he can't give it to little Willie in Cardiff." Nonsense. If he wanted to, Uncle could give us both sixpence without even feeling it, and we only encourage his parsimony by accepting the fictitious predicament.)

I will add this, however. No Government would or should advance money to the provincial theatre if it is likely, as some of your correspondents suggest, merely to be frittered away. The essential preliminary is a concrete and promising plan of capital investment and working guarantees for the running of good theatre in towns with a population of a size and quality to sustain it. Such theatres should be primarily a local responsibility under local management with national help, both financial and advisory, if needed. It is an open secret that the Arts Council is at present seeking to hammer out some such scheme for submission to appropriate municipalities; and if it turns out a boldly conceived and exciting project, I believe both local authorities and Chancellor may be more readily enlisted than pessimists suppose. But certain it is that such a plan would not be a jot easier to launch if there were no National Theatre in the offing. Precisely the contrary.

66 Old Church Street, S.W.3. BENN W. LEVY

SIR,—Those who favour the building of a National Theatre had better start looking for some money because the million pounds voted by Parliament in 1949 won't suffice. Increases in building costs since then have raised the estimate to £1,750,000 and experience suggests that £2 million would be needed to see the job through.

And what chance is there of getting this extra money? From Parliament? Not when there is a desperate need for building materials to house 3,500 families, for example, in Deptford. From wealthy philanthropists? They don't exist any more. From the general public? Even in the days when Britain was really rich only £70,000 could be raised from general appeals.

But supposing by a miracle that the money could be found. On what would it be spent? On the erection of a theatre with almost exactly the same seating capacity as the Old Vic and within a stone's throw of it and with the certain result of either crippling the Old Vic or itself failing.

Surely it is far better to spend the money that is available on making the Old Vic as comfortable as Michael Redgrave would have it, on building a wardrobe and workshop on one of the adjacent bombed sites (all of which could be done at reasonable cost in money and materials), so making the theatre as efficient as the most exacting producer would have it, and on the stimulation of local repertory companies as George Strauss suggests. Provincial repertory theatres are in urgent need of comparatively moderate sums of money for capital development. Their provision would have a healthy effect on the provincial theatre and would go some way towards achieving a truly *nationwide* National Theatre.

And to complete the scheme I suggest a complete integration of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells. This would give London a National Theatre north and south of the Thames to the benefit both of the theatre and its patrons.

House of Commons. L. A. PLUMMER

INDIAN FLOOD RELIEF

SIR,—I would like to approach the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for their generous response to and co-operation in the appeal that the India Relief Committee is making to aid the victims of the disastrous floods in India.

These floods, which have worked unprecedented havoc all over India and more particularly in the States of Bihar, Uttar Pradesh, West Bengal and Madras, are perhaps the worst in our history.

Millions of acres are under water; perhaps a third of the State of Bihar. The town of Azamgarh in Uttar Pradesh stands in four feet of water, and in Rajahmundry in the South half the population of the town has suffered and has been rendered homeless.

The Prime Minister's Fund in India has evoked good response from all classes of people.

I feel sure that the sympathy of the people of Britain will go out in ample measure to the people of India who are the victims of this grim tragedy, if at least some of the facts are known.

The India Relief Committee, of which I have the honour to be the Honorary Joint President with the Countess Mountbatten of Burma, and which has for over a decade aided relief in India in times of distress such as famines and earthquakes, once again makes an appeal to you, confident of your willing and generous response.

Donations may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, The India Relief Committee, 47, Strand, London, W.C.2. I look forward with confidence to a very generous response.

V. K. KRISHNA MENON

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★

HUTCHINSON

Books in General

THE common opinion about Jane Austen's novels, especially in recent years, has been that they are shelters from the stormy blast. The smallness and security of the world she describes, the assurance of her irony, the spinsterly boldness and strength, her tacit conservative convictions, and the fact that she seemed to have decided not to know the Napoleonic wars socially (not to mention the Romantic movement) made her a rock during our own war. She was the intense and malicious spectator—"of Chinese fidelity," to her small material, as Charlotte Brontë said, who "ruffles us by nothing vehement and disturbs by nothing profound."

From this view there has always been a strong dissenting party who have believed, as Mr. Andrew H. Wright thinks in a new study,* that "a good deal more" lies behind Jane Austen's ironical comedy. The novels, he considers,

> are too complex to allow a merely didactic interpretation, too serious to be dismissed as simply light-hearted.

She contemplates virtues (Mr. Wright takes this from the *North British Review* of 1870):

> not as fixed qualities, but as continual struggles and conquests, as progressive states of mind advancing by repulsing their contraries or losing ground by being overcome. Indeed it is possible to go further and to say that Jane Austen's themes are ironic.

The themes, that is to say, not the methods only. To make his case Mr. Wright, who is a young American lecturer, discusses the nature of irony and proceeds, by the now fashionable method of detailed textual extract, to the structure and styles of the novels. The method has the merit of giving us the pleasure and corrective of copious quotation—and there is scarcely a paragraph in the sharp tessellation of Jane Austen's narrative that is not quotable—and since Mr. Wright is a clear and intelligent writer, he adds very much to our enjoyment. His analysis of "the six points of view" in the novelist's story-telling gives support to his chief argument and certainly explains the intricate flexibility of her renderings of character. Without this flexibility her irony would have had that monotonous finality of the epitaphs of the period in which she read so widely. This strain we associate with set moralists like Fielding, and I take it that Mr. Wright does not regard her irony as final and didactic or her comedy as the killing bottle. His book is, however, chiefly concerned with her irony alone and, in the American fashion, is exhaustive about the chosen aspect. I have mentioned the value of the close sampling of the text: the disadvantage is that, sooner or later, it underrates the intelligence, receptiveness and imagination of the reader. We are treated a good deal to the obvious as if we were slow-minded schoolboys "learning literature" from the disadvantage of our reluctant and literal minds. Those of us who still read for pleasure and do not put it below textual analysis as a guide, are bold enough to believe that we understand the irony of this:

> Mrs. Goddard was the mistress of a School . . . not a seminary or an establishment, or any other thing which professed in long sentences of refined nonsense, to combined liberal requirements with elegant morality, upon new principles and new systems—and where young ladies for enormous pay might be screwed out of health and into vanity—but, a real, honest, old-fashioned Boarding School, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold at a reasonable price, and where girls might be sent to be out of the way and scramble themselves into a little education, without any danger of coming back prodigies.

We studiously turn to Mr. Wright's comment:

> If the reader is not sufficiently acquainted with Jane Austen to know of her complete distrust of elegant diction—or, rather, the humbug that lies behind it—this passage will be a sufficient introduction to the fact. The contrast drawn between the two kinds of school is heightened by the author's use of simple—even vulgar—words to describe the common . . . "establishment" over which Mrs. Goddard presides.

Striving as we always do, to learn in a new way, we cannot but follow our old idle habit of reading the continuation of Jane Austen's paragraph where she has made her own meaning quite explicit and vivid. And, as a novelist will, in scene-containing words. Incidentally, if we are combing the text for key words, Jane Austen makes it perfectly clear that Mrs. Goddard does not preside over an "establishment."

The irony of Jane Austen is self-evident to the sensitive reader with an ear for the English language and also for the overtones that come from her reading of English literature. The iron is a pleasure, also, to which people familiar with the inhibitions, the acerbities, the hard-schooled sanity which have dominated the speech of the upper middle classes, can instantly respond. Convention, snobbery or manner have always been double-edged. "Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery, I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can. . . ." or the sentences concerning the "extraordinary fate" of Marianne Dashwood, come from a native and familiar armoury. The digs at the fiction of sensibility are no less strong than the digs at the Gothic novel. When Jane Austen wrote:

> The whole of Lucy's behaviour in the affair and the prosperity which crowned it, therefore, may be held forth as a most encouraging instance of what an earnest, an unceasing attention to self-interest, however its progress may be apparently obstructed, will do in securing every advantage of fortune, with no sacrifice than that of time and conscience . . .

she was writing pure Fielding, from *Jonathan Wild*. The question is how far Jane Austen's irony was that of the set or composed moralist, brought up by training and reading to the mode of the early 18th century, before sensibility softened it, how far she reacted against its didactic assumptions and how far she is completely ironical on a deeper level. I think there is everything to be said for Mr. Wright's opinion, brought out most strongly in his analysis of *Sense and Sensibility*, that she is a profound ironist, "a writer of divided vision—that of Chaucer, Cervantes, Swift . . ." and in the sense he quotes from Kierkegaard: "Whoever has essential irony has it all day long, not bound to any specific form, because it is the infinite within him." But if she has this divided vision, are we still not left with the whole question of depth or scale? We cannot believe that the moral dilemmas of Marianne Dashwood or Elizabeth Bennett, are comparable to the passionate disorders of Don Quixote's Sancho Panza, for the same mind does not connote the same imagination, intelligence or use. Mr. Wright's point is, however, well made: *Sense and Sensibility* shows "the irreconcilable contradiction set up between the two models; and so far as the intention of the novel is concerned (it may not, however, have been her conscious intention) there is disclosed a profound ambivalence. . . . Sense and Sensibility are desirable, indeed necessary, for a whole life; but they are mutually exclusive." This does not mean that the ironist is one who, faced by two mutually exclusive things, chooses both—"which is but another way of saying that he chooses neither"—or that his attitude is passive and detached. We can certainly agree that there is no passivity in Jane Austen. Her people learn in a hard and universal school, and the point is, of course, that they do learn. We leave Marianne to a man who still "sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat," having made—as Mr. Wright neatly suggests—almost too sensible a marriage; and Elinor to a marriage of love—"one of the happiest couples in the world" (Mrs. Jenning's reports were "rather jumbled together"). "They had nothing to wish for, but the marriage of Col. Brandon and Marianne, and rather better pasturage for the cows."

Yes: two incompatible worlds. Everything has to be paid for; it is for us to decide what we want and then to pay. It is a tragic choice, a comic choice, an ironical choice. Does it leave one in the same kind of doubt that one feels at the end of *Don Quixote*? Surely not. For hasn't it been Jane Austen's whole object to "complete" her characters, which become incurably and obdurately what they must be? Has she not the taste for finality? Are we not facing that melancholy of her race, so expert in social and moral re-insurance against passion, so socially certain, so morally pragmatic, so spiritually incurious? Sceptical, ironical and even, occasionally, cynical—those words well describe Jane Austen, so long as we think of them as implying a temperament that was militant and solitary in its mockery. (Above all, solitary: the best in English literature has so often come out of the little that is left to the individual by our insatiable devotion to the proper and suitable society.) No English frigate of the period, captained by some solitary Collingwood whom Duty had inhibited from natural solaces for 20 years, bore down with such devastating skill of manœuvre upon the enemy. The comic writers are the tragedians who do not kill. They capture prizes. They condemn people to life.

In saying this we do not forget the sense of progressive moral struggle, the emergence into self-knowledge and real growth which Mr. Wright so clearly analyses in his account of the novels. He has done it eagerly and he is quite free of that too cosy devotion of the Janeites who like to put themselves into a sort of family relationship with her society, and who care more for the comforts she provides, and therefore the *means* of her formidable art. To the settled pragmatism of the 18th century, she brought a spirit, a brio and a verve of the new times. It is a verve which recalls that of Stendhal, who was to feel explicitly the conflict between the

* *Jane Austen's Novels*. By ANDREW H. WRIGHT. *Chatto & Windus*. 16s.

age of Reason and the age of Power. In times like those, when the ways of a new dispensation are slowly, painfully parting with an old one, a Stoic clear-headedness rewards some artists who, in other respects, suffer from the stress of change. For herself—see *Emma*, see *Mansfield Park*—she deeply mistrusted any "new ideas." "False education" was the "new education." But there is ample reason in her work, as Mr. Wright suggests, to think that she was aware of the losses that good sense forces upon the victims it compels. There is nothing so foolish as the belief that those who control their feelings have weak feelings or none at all.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ADAM

In ma haunds Lord
Domenion
Ower aa that grouws
Aathin on the aerth
Domenion
In ma haunds Lord

Ower aathin binna ae thing.

In ma haunds Lord
The weasel an the laverock
The reid tod an the auld hen
Rabbit-burra eagle eyrie
The troot in the burn, the flee in the air,
The worm an the throstle
In ma haunds

Aathin binna ae thing.

In ma haunds Lord
The herrin an the swordfish
Plankton an whale
Aathin frae the twa-third seas
The fleean fish an the albatross
Dauphin trundlan throu simmer seas
Gull amang the dauvits
Aa in ma haunds

Aathin binna ae thing.

Under ma haunds
The Mither's redwuids faa
Rivers dry up an flush
Desarts are made an flourish
Touns are built an bombed
The warld becomes a village
The sun himsel yields up his pouer
His horses, chariot
Under ma haunds

In ma haunds Lord
Domenion
Ower aa that breathes—

Aathin binna masel.

TOM SCOTT

A PRINCE IN EXILE

It was by the sea, and there were no flags.
In the grey season there was word of the old king.
Air—water—stone—birds—all were grey.
Word came that the old king had died that day.

Like birds helplessly blown the people mourned.
The sea was in their eyes, the stone in their breasts.
It was by the sea, and there were no flowers.
Tongues on the muffled air proclaimed the hours.

A voice upon the air whispered my death.
In the grey season each wept for himself.
Alone I heard the meaning of the chime:
Henceforward there was no king, no king but Time.

JAMES REEVES

THE SENSE OF THE PAST

Time and Idea: The Theory of History in Giambattista Vico. By A. ROBERT CAPONIGRI. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

In 1953 everyone sees himself as standing at this particular point in history, conscious of the past of the nations stretching back behind him; one peers into the past to find some pattern passing through this point into the future, to plot some curve of development. It is difficult to recapture what it was like not to think of civilisation in historical terms, as it is difficult to imagine what it was like not to think in scientific terms. But one might see the past as a storehouse of examples, in which unchanging human nature displays itself over and over again, always adult and fully grown; there is then no curve of development to be plotted, for the time co-ordinates are left out as irrelevant. The universal principles of law and government, of art and language, are to be deduced from human nature itself, and are evident to adult reason, as soon as it emerges from primitive childhood; humanity came of age once and for all, in Greece or Rome, or perhaps only in the eighteenth century.

This was the common image of the past before Hegel and Michelet made their great revolution in thought. All civilisations, their art, government and law, were judged by some standard external to the process of history itself; the laws of a particular society were to be measured against the unchanging natural law. In secular philosophy, particularly in the seventeenth century, law was the crucial case; outside the universal church, where was its sanction to be found, if not in the requirements of human reason? And yet it seemed impossible that any abstract general principles could cover all the diversities and concrete details of actual legal systems. On the one hand there was the fact of positive law, based on force, and on the other the demand for rational justification; the philosophers could not reconcile the two, but, like Hobbes, oscillated between them, some leaning to one side, some to the other.

In a moment of inspiration, Vico saw a way out; as in Marx's moment of discovery, a single idea seemed to him to solve all problems at once. The justification of actual laws and institutions is to be looked for, not in eternally valid principles or in the mere fact of actual power, but in the historical process itself. Fact and ideal can be reconciled, only if we think of the successive systems of positive law as necessary phases in the whole development of humanity; this whole cycle of development is the justification of any of its stages. "Human nature" is a meaningless abstraction, unless it refers to that repeating cycle which takes men and nations from the fantasies of the early heroic age to the age of reflective reason, and back again. In the layers of our own consciousness we can still find these successive phases, and in this way we can reconstruct the early history of the nations and can understand how one phase led naturally into another; we can re-enter the "common sense," the modes of thought and feeling, of the early world, when poetry and imagery and ritual were the natural forms of expression; then we understand why their laws and institutions were as they were, and how ours have evolved from them, appropriate to the "common sense" of this time.

This was the basis of the new humanism which Michelet found in Vico; and it is now a commonplace to the thousands of tourists who have some sense of finding their own past in the galleries of Europe. The modern tourist's reverence of the old because it is old is not surprising, because it is this sense of understanding the range and depths of his own origins. Machiavelli and the men of the Renaissance had looked to the ancient world for permanent ideals of virtue and beauty; we cannot now help thinking of the monuments of the past as conveying the spirit of the age, and of the whole story of art as giving the only possible aesthetic.

Professor Caponigri has his own interpretation of Vico and meets the difficulties of interpretation.

DENT

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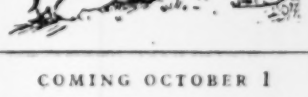

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But Vico wrote with a wild obscurity and Professor Caponigri does not relieve it.

> The tendency of the radical constitutive activity or actuality of man is toward the infinite, because it is essentially incommensurate with the flux of actual concrete forms which it generates and in which it realises itself, and because, as a result too of this incommensurability, it has as its own supposition a plentitude or pure actuality towards which its own creative force is orientated.

It is possible to guess what this means, and it may even be true; it is in the accepted style of Italian commentaries on Vico, but it is unlikely to help English readers. Vico, like the poets that he admired, was an uncritical, visionary thinker, imagining a new form of knowledge nearly a hundred years before his time, in Naples, on the outer fringe of the learned world. In the Scienza Nuova flashes of insight lie side by side with baroque pedantries and crazy analogies. Perhaps the best commentary is Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*. In the roots and forms of words, in the myths and metaphors congealed in language, is contained the whole story of modern man, and no other story is needed for the modern epic. From the first thunderclap, which (according to Vico) wakens men to self-consciousness, to the running of the great river into the sea (Vico's image for past into present), the whole "ideal history" is made simultaneously present in the forms of words themselves, as Joyce cuts his cross-sections to and fro across the languages. It is an extraordinary case of literature made from philosophy.

And yet in the end Vico's philosophy may seem no more than a powerful hallucination, dissolving without substance when it is probed. No facts can support or refute him, no eternal cycles are known, and the designs of providence can neither explain nor justify. It is probably more honest to think, in much older terms, of prudence playing against fortune as making the unpatterned sequence of history. But for the study of history, as the proper study of man, Vico made the first, most unqualified claim; he discovered the sense of the past.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

THE PLUMED SERPENT

Journey with Genius. By WITTER BYNNER. *Peter Nevill.* 18*s.*

Its sub-title, "Recollections and Reflections Concerning the D. H. Lawrences," aptly indicates the character of Mr. Bynner's enjoyable book. The Recollections cover a period of nine months from September, 1922, when the Lawrences arrived in New Mexico, to July, 1923, when they set forth again on devious journeys which eventually, and for the last time, took them back to Europe. The Reflections, making the second part of the book, touch on many aspects of Lawrence as man and writer. A delightful portrait of Frieda Lawrence, whom Mr. Bynner instantly admired, runs right through and seems to make the whole work hang together.

The times are out of joint for a book about Lawrence, but this one should gratify nonshirkers and change their reluctant virtue into surprised pleasure. Mr. Bynner describes the "shocked distrust" that took hold of him, soon after his first meeting with the Lawrences, as one ugly scene succeeded another—scenes of which Frieda was commonly the victim. Outbreaks of vicious temper, in which Lawrence indulged, are recorded with honesty and combative humour. These qualities, rare enough where Lawrence is the subject, are enhanced by the unabashed, yet also unobtrusive, way in which Mr. Bynner turns them on to himself. He does not hesitate to quote obviously foolish judgments of thirty years ago, wrung from him by Lawrence's odious behaviour. Tempted, by his friend's overweening genius, to absurd counter-exaggeration, he admits—"I wanted to be a bit odd too." His depictions, which evoke the idea of an independent but harassed Horatio unwilling to be swamped by an impossible Hamlet, effectively involve the reader, who is not allowed to rest in dislike. At the centre of this American poet there is a dispassionate and steadfast friendliness, which gives calibre to his judgments. The Lawrence whom he admired is as vivid as the one who repelled him; and both are credible novelties by contrast with some hysterical portraits, especially of that period.

Lawrence, thirty-seven, holding on bitterly against encroaching illness, had reached the downward slope of his noonless life. At Chapala, where Mr. Bynner joined him, he was writing *The Plumed Serpent*, and showing the most Mau Mau-like side of himself. Sucked in by these darker currents, whose force is conveyed in some brilliantly recorded talk about Mexico—Mr. Bynner fought to keep his critical balance, his stand of humane common sense, and succeeded.

> The elements of darkness which oppressed Lawrence in Mexico were none of them so sinister as he himself brought there, his imagination training the natives in articles like Fascist philosophy and gestures like the Nazi salute.

The inelegant grammar of this sentence, unusual with Mr. Bynner, perhaps suggests that the struggle really was difficult. What saved him, I guess, was his unfaltering sense of the ridiculous, one of the pleasantest features of his book. Waspish, but never mean, it comes out best in drolly affectionate pictures of Frieda Lawrence, who was "always losing everything except her reason and sense of life and sense of humour."

> An hour after we had seen them off at the Santa Fe station for Lamy, Albuquerque, El Paso, and Mexico, we found in the hall of the house two umbrellas strapped together. We both remembered Lawrence's having said severely and solemnly at breakfast, "Your only lookout, Frieda, is the umbrellas."

As a critic, Mr. Bynner is unexceptionable, yet here the final effect is disappointing, partly because he has split his study into small subject-sections—Passionate Puritan, Comrade, Watcher, Seer, and so on—which prevent him from suggesting the indivisibility of Lawrence. Also, though he quotes judiciously and from many writers, he relies too much on quotation. This makes his points seem fussy, academic, and disjointed, instead of running up together to a commanding view. But he is always readable and often uncommonly perceptive. He is especially successful in tracing back the threads which connected the foiled circuitous wanderer to his homely British background; the foiled pride, the disguised influence of Lawrence's father, are put more clearly than elsewhere, in relation to aggressive intemperances of the artist, prophet, and man. Mr. Bynner does not overdo this, and he is far from making the Marxist mistake of equating origin with value. He does fall short in his appraisal, by timidly ticking off talents one by one. He is cursory and a little unfair (though honest) about Lawrence's poetry; but the one talent which he denies to Lawrence, reluctantly, finally, and perhaps rightly, is genuine humour.

The reach and wrist of genius, the "terribly strong light" into which Frieda (her own phrase just after Lawrence's death) had looked, are not in brimming focus on Mr. Bynner's page. But the spirit and achievement of an excellent book are caught, I think, in a passage of *The Plumed Serpent*, chosen by Mr. Bynner, where Kate speaks of her second husband who had died.

> "With Joachim I came to realise that a woman like me *can* only love a man who is fighting to *change* the world, to make it freer, more alive. Men like my first husband who are good and trustworthy and who work to keep the world going on well in the same state they found it in, they let you down horribly, somewhere. You feel so terribly sold. Everything is just a sell; it becomes so small. A woman who isn't quite ordinary herself can only love a man who is fighting for something beyond the ordinary life."

This is not a pious epitaph. Like Mr. Bynner's book, it defines a phoenix quality in Lawrence which projects him into future time, overleaping the complementary rebukes of distaste and indifference, at present undisturbed. A true feeling for this quality, and for Frieda's nurturing of it, has guided Mr. Bynner's hand. Thus his book is important in helping to keep Lawrence alive for us.

GILES ROMILLY

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Clubland Heroes. By RICHARD USBORNE. *Constable.* 15*s.*

There are two ways of amusing yourself with Dornford Yates, Buchan, and Sapper, whose characters form the subject of Mr. Usborne's essay in nostalgia. One is the way of pastiche and parody. The other is the way of deepest significance. If you follow the first, you quote, rave, and fantasize. You address to imaginary Sealyhams rhapsodies about my lady's slippers; you hide THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION lest Gen. Hannay sees it and takes you for a twenty-five mile walk to blow the progressivist cobwebs out of your head; you roar for Algy Longworth, Peter Danell and the gang to charge up the Hog's Back and rescue Phyllis, whom those swine have got yet again. If you follow the second, you compose imaginary theses, psychiatric and sociological: *Tendencies Towards Endogamous Nympholepsy in The Pleydell Family*; *Latent Homosexuality in Ruling Class Prototypes as Exemplified by Lord Clanroyden and Others*; *Studies in Sado-Fascism in The Home Counties*; *Towards A Statistical Method For Determining Captain Drummond's Intelligence Quotient.*

Both ways are great compliments to the authors. Whichever one you adopt you will find Mr. Usborne a useful vade-mecum. He may seem a tiny bit naive at times ("In all his books Yates kept to a norm of gracious manners as between man and maid, gentleman and gentleman."); if he does, it is because of his generous, appreciative approach. He has no pretensions, makes no bones about wholeheartedly enjoying his favourite authors. He is so happy in his work of re-reading the text of seventy-eight novels and three hundred-and-three short stories, that he forgets, at times, to do much more than paraphrase, but he is always scholarly and informative: he tells you

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

that Selfridges took over Bulldog Drummond's telephone number in 1925. Altogether he misses few if any tricks, and takes some new ones. He discovers that present-day psychiatrists have coined a new clinical term, "The Dornford Yates Syndrome," to denote a condition of psychosomatic decline which afflicts certain upper middle-class ladies of falling fortunes who cannot quite cope with life in the 1950's. He establishes and confirms the identification of Lord Ironside as the original of Buchan's Dick Hannay.

There are good reasons for grouping these particular three authors together. All belong to exactly the same period, the first world war and its aftermath. All provide ready-made daydreams with ultra-Right-wing tendencies. All write adventure stories and deal in violence to some degree. All have the peculiar faculty of compulsive readability. "Clubland Heroes" is a correct description of their characters; it implies a touch of folk-lore which is just right for this kind of popular fiction.

Individually, each is a totally different case. Of the three, Buchan, with his background of high politics, may seem the most interesting at a glance. His fiction was a spare-time activity, done almost mediumistically, like automatic writing; hence the looseness of the plots, put across by sleight of hand manipulation of the narrator's personality. As the daydreams of an ambitious Scot who became a proconsul, the Hannay adventures have a special significance. For talent, however, the prize should go to Dornford Yates. Some of his characters, in the Berry series, achieve a 3-D quality that almost amounts to demoniacal possession; his philandering dialogue, which owes something to Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*, has an erotic tension that licks Strindberg. For all the complicated tortures which he inflicts on the language, his "Lincoln's Inn prose laced with Jacobethan," as Mr. Usborne calls it, Dornford Yates is a more important writer, and more deserving of an LL.D. Oxon, than P. G. Wodehouse.

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FREDERICK MULLER

After these, poor little Sapper, by Kipling on an off day out of Baroness Orczy—Mr. Usborne misses the Scarlet Pimpernel affinity—with a fright by Conan Doyle, is far down in the Lower School. Mr. Usborne sticks up for him loyally. It is a pity, however, that he does not give us any biographical details. Part of the genesis of Bulldog Drummond was due to a simple case of Adlerian Inferiority Complex. Sapper was, I understand, a near-dwarf.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

A WARM MAN

The Angry Admiral. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

To feel the intoxicating surge of righteous indignation and give utterance to it is probably one of the most delicious sensations known to mankind—and one of the most dangerous. The danger lies not so much in the immediate consequences, which may be as beneficial as those of a single injection of morphia, but in the habit-forming nature of the drug. The career of Admiral Vernon, so well expounded and sympathetically considered by Mr. Hartmann in this biography, might serve as a classic warning against such an addiction.

Vernon's inveterate righteous indignation both made and marred him. As a middle-aged Captain in the Navy on half-pay and a back-bench M.P., he made a violent speech in the House of Commons in February, 1739, condemning the Government's feeble policy towards Spain; and declared that, if he were in command, he would guarantee to capture Portobello, on the Spanish Main, with six ships. He was taken at his word and, to universal astonishment, he kept it. Promoted to Vice-Admiral and given command of the West Indies Squadron, within ten months of his boast he had taken Portobello with exactly six ships. This success was enough to turn any man's head, let alone that of the self-confident Vernon. Cartagena was to be the next triumph on his list; and in a dispatch home he anticipated the imminent capture of this key to the Spanish empire in South America. Medals were actually struck in England to commemorate the happy event. But this time luck was out; the amphibious attack failed with heavy loss; and the Admiral's only recourse was to throw the blame for failure on the General, which that gentleman vigorously refuted. An attempted invasion of Cuba by land and sea ended similarly in futility and mutual recrimination: and when Vernon turned to vent some of his spare indignation on the unfortunate Governor of Jamaica it became evident that his usefulness in the West Indies was at an end. He was recalled home in 1742, where his reputation had already preceded him as that of "a warm, impracticable man."

In England he signalised his return to the House of Commons by firing a broadside into the Board of Admiralty as a pack of nincompoops: to which the Board retaliated by denying him promotion. But the angry Admiral was to be given one more chance to recover his composure. Ever since Portobello the people of England had regarded him as a hero; and, when the threat of French invasion accompanied the Jacobite rising of 1745, Admiral Vernon was summoned to the supreme command of our naval defences in the Channel. The new commander-in-chief's dispositions to meet the menace were acknowledged to be excellent, and, although he never brought the French fleet to action, he should have retired at the end of the emergency with a peerage and a pension. As it was, he neglected no opportunity to abuse the Admiralty, who had appointed him, for their ignorance and incompetence, until they lost all patience; and when he proffered his resignation in a grandiloquent huff they greedily snatched at it. After that there was nothing left for Vernon to do in retirement but take to print; if he could not punch his antagonists directly by letters, he would use pin-pricks. The series of pamphlets he published anonymously in his own justification eventually brought retribution. He was summoned to the Admiralty and asked whether he admitted authorship, and, when he refused to answer, his name was struck out of the Navy List. So ended the promising career of Admiral Vernon and his exasperating fund of righteous indignation. In the end the unrighteous invariably get the best of it, as we tot up to the rest of the human race.

Mr. Hartmann's style is the exact opposite of Admiral Vernon's, well-tempered and persuasive; and in matters of controversy his judgment is to be respected. Without in any way exonerating the Admiral from his faulty temperament, he shows most convincingly that the opinions his hero held were almost invariably right and that it was only the overbearing manner that spoiled them. Over the Cartagena campaign, however, I am inclined to disagree with Mr. Hartmann, who holds that the town might have been taken, and the whole course of Spanish American history changed, had Vernon's plan of operations been accepted by General Wentworth. Such arguments arise whenever national defeats in battle are analysed. At Gallipoli our Navy blamed our Army for failure, and the Army returned the compliment: and neither had a good word for the politicians. Hardly anyone remembered the Turks and Mustapha Kemal. The Spanish commander at Cartagena was a remarkable man, Don Blas de Lezo, a sort of Spanish Nelson, who had lost an arm, an eye and a leg in his country's service, and who died of wounds in the hour of victory. Mr. Hartmann gives him credit for his defence, but not nearly enough in my opinion. The best and simplest explanation for the loss of a battle is usually "the enemy."

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TWO AMBASSADORS

Diplomatic Twilight 1930-1940. By SIR WALFORD SELBY. *Murray.* 16*s.*

Turbulent Era. By JOSEPH C. GREW. *Hammond.* 63*s.* 2 *vols.*

Here are two books by ex-Ambassadors, one prim and immensely voluble, the other a little literary bombshell. Despite my natural bias in favour of diplomats who forget their diplomatic manners in print, I must report that *Turbulent Era* is an important book, whereas Sir Walford's bombshell is a dud. One of the faults of the Foreign Office, revealed by the Burgess and Maclean incident, is that it is the most secretive mutual admiration society in the world. Indeed, the two principles which make it tick so suavely are, first, that every member of it is without blemish, and, secondly, that diplomacy is an esoteric art, which no one outside "the Office" can begin to understand. Sir Walford has offended against the first of these principles in order to strike a blow for the second.

In this account of his stewardship, first in Vienna and then in Lisbon, he criticises some of his colleagues by name (in particular, Lord Vansittart), and then goes on to launch an offensive upon the outside control, first exerted by Sir Warren Fisher, which threatens the complete autonomy the Department, in his view, should still enjoy. These criticisms would be more persuasive if they were not so obviously inspired by vanity. I cannot avoid the impression that Sir Walford's real grudge is that his wordy despatches were not given the epoch-making importance by his colleagues which he himself attaches to them. Of course, the man in the field always feels neglected by the idiots at home, who have the ear of the Foreign Secretary. But, to judge by the examples of the advice he proffered, which he prints in the Appendix, I can excuse his colleagues if they sometimes felt tempted to leave his despatches in the "in tray" instead of presenting them post haste to the Secretary of State. As a curiosity, however, *Diplomatic Twilight* is worth a glance.

Mr. Joseph Grew is a very different cup of (old Bostonian) tea. A well-born and wealthy patrician and staunch Republican, he served from 1904 to 1917 in Cairo, St. Petersburg, Vienna and

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Berlin; and, after the defeat of Germany, attended the Versailles and Lausanne conferences. His next assignment was five years playing poker with Kemal Ataturk, after which, in 1932, he began the ten years' stint in Tokyo, which was abruptly ended by Pearl Harbour. The story of his diplomatic life—told largely in the form of diaries, extracts from private letters and confidential memoranda—covers more than 1,500 pages. Even so, these two heavy volumes omit his Japanese diaries, which have been published as a separate book. Let me admit it straight away: if Mr. Grew is a trained observer, he is also a very dull diarist and letter-writer. Whether he is describing a tour of the remote provinces of Turkey or a diplomatic ball, he can be reckoned on to smother his impressions under a featherbed of conventional clichés. And since Mr. Johnson, who edited the manuscript, has been merciless in his failure to use the blue pencil, *Turbulent Era* should be unreadable.

Yet, over the three months when it has lain by my bed, I have browsed through most of it, and my final surprised conclusion is that, if Mr. Johnson had done his job properly and reduced it to readable dimensions, he might have spoilt the impression it creates *in extenso*. For here is an exact picture, truthful to the last trivial, boring detail, of how an American career diplomat spent his years of active service; and how the outstandingly able and objective observer of Japanese politics gradually developed out of the young Bostonian who revelled in the snobbery of Tsarist Petersburg. Even more fascinating, one can trace the emergence of the State Department as a modern Department of State, and of America as a world Power, by watching how Mr. Grew's tasks changed. He began by having a good time while holding a watching brief for an earthly paradise, with few external relations except good intentions. He ended by helping to formulate the Pacific policy of a Great Power, suddenly aware of its insecurity. It is a singular piece of good fortune that the span of one diplomatic career coincided so nicely with this epoch of American history. In *Turbulent Era* one can watch the man and the nation growing up together.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

MID-SEASON

The Prize Essay. By KATHLEEN WALLACE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Anne-Marie and the Pale Pink Frock. By BRIGID KNIGHT. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Runaway: A Victorian Story for the Young. *Duckworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Moonshine. By RICHARD STRACHEY. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Puffin Book of Verse. Compiled by ELEANOR GRAHAM. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Sally Go Round the Moon; Bells Across the Sand. Chosen by IAN PARSONS. *Ginn.* 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Buffeted by story after story dealing with predatory children for ever achieving their stolid but relentless ambition of finding "treasure," restoring the family income, and living thereafter at a higher social level (no grammar schools), a reader may be grateful for a new idea which is also not the old one in disguise. *The Prize Essay*, if for this alone, invites a pause; the author has a serious intention (to tempt schoolgirls to read the Brontë novels) and works hard at it—but O the pitfalls! Deborah, a dreamy girl of sixteen, decides to enter for the prize holiday essay: subject, "The Brontës." A Sixth Former called Imogen Leadbetter who wears "raspberry-coloured tweeds," passes on some of her own enthusiasm at a railway station; the heroine's godfather, a dashing young don called Simon, tells her what books to read and where to get them; a librarian helps with the poems, explaining how they were written; her kind Head Mistress ("Have a biscuit? They're rather good—chocolate, with a sort of orange mush inside") "understands" why she wishes not to write the essay after all. As for the Brontës themselves, the four ghostly children meet and chat with her during the holidays. Ah, Miss Wallace!

> "I *believe* I have a new Think," Emily breathed. "I am not sure—yet. It is all very muddled-up and I cannot see anything quite clear . . . But this one is just for me—"

And yet, to be fair, the author's intrepidity often has luckier results than this; her Branwell is quite plausible. Throughout, in fact, absurdity and good will are mingled with so wild an *insouciance* that I cannot dislike this book. But is not its battle won before the start? Would not Milton, say, or Gibbon, or Carlyle have offered the author a more genuine challenge?

The title and the pretty cover of *Anne-Marie and the Pale Pink Frock* are likely to mislead a casual purchaser; for it turns out to be a mean and depressing book about yet another of these egotistical families, only this time in a modern South African setting. Home is a farm on the Transvaal. Mother is a pretty, feckless little widow who is not very good at "managing." ("All her life she's had men to do things for her until these last three years.") The three children continually thwart the author's designs on our sympathy by their inexplicable and nasty taste for practical joking; however, this does not displease their gruff but wealthy Uncle Paul who finally repairs the family fortunes. An English reader may find it odd that, apart from some murderous Zulus in a flashback to the Great Trek period, there isn't a single African to be seen. No, I am wrong. The children are brought their morning coffee in bed by "Old Sophie, her black face wreathed in smiles." "Why, you're up early Missie," she remarks. And Missie replies (for she needs the materials for some prankish project): "Now, Sophie, do you think you could run along, please, and bring me the brushes and brown polish? I'll take the coffee to Master Gerard."

The Runaway first appeared in 1872: the present edition has many beautiful illustrations by Gwen Raverat. For all its light touch and its current of humour, this interesting story reminds us of some of the best features of Victorian children's fiction. It is, for one thing, an essay in personality; nothing could be more lucidly drawn than the well-bred Clarice with her dreams, her scruples, her thoughtful manners, and her admiration of Garibaldi; and the naughty mercurial kittenish little charmer Olga, whose role in adult life we can foresee all too clearly, but who seems to her wondering friend like a sea-spirit visiting the earth after a storm. Then, nobody, grown-up or child, neglects to speak in sentences; and these are both stylish and distinctive. And Clarice's innocent perplexities about the choice between betraying a trust or acting a lie, and her general difficulties of conscience engage the reader's sympathy no less than the book's final paragraph:

> The vivid delight that a first visit to the Highlands must afford to a romantic and ardent young creature like Clarice need not be dwelt on here. The only drawback, perhaps, being the difference presented by the personal appearance of the two Papas when they went out shooting together. She saw Colonel Leslie dressed in Highland costume and survived the sight—though it is not to be denied that she afterwards cast furtive sorrowful glances at her father's legs.

A backwards as well as a downwards glance must bring home the mortifying fact that young children have naturally bad taste, and that this is fostered and confirmed by books, dolls, pictures, films and toys. The vulgarly comic is one lure, but the coyly winsome is an even greater one; while to sentiment about themselves in relation to adults the little creatures are peculiarly susceptible. This archness, from which many of the foremost children's writers are not free in our time, is an entirely modern manifestation. It is salutary to look back to Alice, who had no mystical illusions about the state of childhood; and to remember that even the author of "Where did you come from, baby dear?" (he was George Macdonald, and the father of, I think, ten boys and girls) kept the heroes and heroines of his admirable stories throughout in a proper state of unconceit.

The remaining books, both prose and verse, are pleasantly free from whimsicality. *Moonshine*, for instance, tells with an air of brisk improvisation about two children (eight and nine) a cat that talks, and an evening's adventure on the moon. It has a light and lunatic fancy, not a grain of sentiment, and a fair notion of the kind of words that children, with their simple sense of the comic, find wonderfully funny. This last feature will be tedious to adults, but I recommend to them the moving staircase, which is a fine piece of magic, and the dragon clubmen ordering their vintage poisons from the most horrible cellar I have yet to meet in nursery fiction.

The excellent new *Puffin Book of Verse*, while principally made up of standard poems, makes enterprising use of some of the less familiar work of familiar authors; this, for some reason, is rare in anthologies. The poems are arranged not by time but subject; there are ten sections—Birds and Beasts, Ballads and Stories, Night, the Seasons, Christmas and others. Among older poems that may strike us with a pleasant freshness are Wordsworth's *The Kitten and the Fallen Leaves*, his sister's *Address to a Child during a Boisterous Winter Evening*, some medieval carols, Traherne's *Poverty*, Longfellow's *Christmas Bells*, Adelaide O'Keefe's primly absurd *Natural History* and, instead of Carroll's parodies, some of the original verses such as Watts's *'Tis the voice of the sluggard*. Among the newer ones there is a stirring ballad called *The Raiders*, and a splendid poem *Hall and Knight* by E. V. Rieu, which nobody can fail to admire. We might have been given the dates of the poets; even children should be aware that people write differently at different times, and that *all* poets were not living simultaneously in a vague past about the same time as Shakespeare. And one or two extracts—*Minchmoor* and *Up at a Villa*,

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TRIBUNE

HEINEMANN

for instance—ask for longer treatment. But it is an attractive book with its rose-coloured cover and wide range of contents, and deserves a place on the book shelf of any one interested in poetry. For the youngest children I recommend the *Poetry for Pleasure* series. The covers are utilitarian but tough; the print large and clear, and the contents of the first two booklets—mostly nursery rhymes and traditional poems—show that union of the ordinary and the strange which marks, though for too short a time, the nursery vision.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE W.I.

The History of the Women's Institute Movement of England and Wales. By INEZ JENKINS. *N.F.W.I.* 10*s*.

Jokes about the W.I. always go down well with village audiences; but this is not because they think (as some townsfolk still do) that a nation-wide organisation of countrywomen is intrinsically comic and rustic and frumpish. On the contrary, they laugh at the absurdities, knowing them to be incidental to a movement that is serious, influential and highly efficient. When the village wants an extra bus put on for the school-children, or litter-baskets in the main street, the first move is likelier to come from the W.I. than from the Parish Council. An interesting point that emerges from the newly published History of the W.I. Movement is that in Britain the emphasis from the first has been on promoting the general welfare of the community, whereas in Canada the first institutes (which preceded ours by eighteen years) aimed primarily at raising the level of the homes of countrywomen.

The movement in this country is not yet forty years old, but its development has been so remarkable and the extension of its scope so wide that it well merits an official history. Mrs. Jenkins, who was for ten years General Secretary of the National Federation, traces in considerable detail the growth of the movement from its experimental beginning during the first world war to its present stage of maturity. At the end of 1952 there were 7,886 institutes, with a total membership of 459,500 scattered over the length and breadth of England and Wales, including the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, but excluding Scotland, which has its own organisation of Women's Rural Institutes.

The growth of the movement has not been haphazard, for a strong national executive, composed of exceptionally able women, has from very early days watched over its organisation and to some extent shaped its policy. Yet the movement has always been thoroughly democratic in its methods of self-government and in its recruitment of every type of countrywoman. The amateur musician is just as welcome and useful as the expert market-gardener or the housewife who will pass on to her neighbours a cherished recipe for home-made furniture polish. Because women of diverse talents share their skills with their fellow-members, it has been possible for the W.I. movement as a whole to raise to a remarkable degree the standards of handicrafts, food production, preservation and marketing, and music and drama among English countrywomen.

As important as this creative and educational work is the part which the movement plays in public affairs, bombarding the appropriate Ministries with resolutions designed to ameliorate, in one way or another, the life of country people, and co-operating with them in collecting and disseminating information about rural conditions. The interest of the W.I.s in public questions extends into the international field, and since the war there has been considerable eagerness among countrywomen to learn more about how their counterparts in other lands order their lives.

Conditions of country life in England have changed enormously since 1915, and village women today enjoy many more amenities and are considerably more sophisticated than when the Women's Institutes began their work. The steady growth of the movement since the last war proves, however, that it answers a continuing need, providing as it does a forum for discussion, an opportunity to learn new skills and a friendly meeting-place for women of goodwill throughout the countryside. This official history, lucid and lively, should bring new recruits.

MARGARET BOTTRALL

NEW NOVELS

The Rebels. By HENRY TREECE. *Gollancz.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Under The Influence. By GEOFFREY KERR. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Dry Stone. By GILBERT PHELPS. *Arthur Barker.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Daughter Of The House. By EDITH DE BORN. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

I began Henry Treece's *The Rebels* with high hopes. The impressive list on its jacket of admirers of his first novel made me approach it reverently. It seemed that, by not having read *The Dark Island*, I had missed "an enormous achievement," "a thing of greatest splendour," written in "lyric language" and with "sudden singing beauty." Alas, after reading *The Rebels* I have no immediate desire to repair the omission.

It begins promisingly with a young man rummaging in an attic and speculating about a faded photograph of the older generation and odd bits of family flotsam. This is the prologue to four narratives written respectively by the young man's mother, his aunt and his two uncles. These were all born in the second half of the nineteenth century and come of a family of iron-masters who have recently sold out to one of the big companies. The Fishers are reasonably prosperous. The two elder narrators, Tom and Phyllis, are conventional and respectable; the two younger, Elijah and Susan, rebellious. Elijah becomes a hard-drinking, ready-fisted labourer: Susan has an illegitimate child by a prize-fighting ex-crony of her favourite brother's. These family feuds, which involve an astonishing amount of physical violence, are set in the blackest of the Black Country and limelit by the glow of kilns and the naphtha flares of wrestling booths.

It is obvious that Mr. Treece has thoroughly enjoyed his imagined reconstruction of the period. He lays on the local Technicolor with a prodigal hand. To make it as "actual" as possible, he quotes old books on cock-fighting, drops in quaint Victorian advertisements and makes Susan recite *Airlie Beacon* soon after Kingsley's death in 1875. Unfortunately he has not lavished the same enthusiastic care on his characters. These have an odd air of being improvised as he goes along. One may swallow the fact that the four narrators committed all their thoughts and impressions to paper for the author's convenience. It is a little much to expect us to believe that they should all have been such florid and self-conscious writers. This is particularly glaring in the case of Elijah who was, as we are constantly told, practically illiterate. Worse still is the obvious falsity of their reported dialogue. They talk, now in broad dialect, now in arty English, and seldom approach any norm of human speech. In the same conversation with Susan, Elijah says at one moment "Good God! It all goes back as far as that! Shall we never escape that day!" and a few lines later—

> Cry no more, thee'st been a bad wench but it's always happening somewhere and there are others much worse'n thee. Now dry thee eyes and he shall marry thee . . . or I'll ha' the throttling of him.

His sister's outburst on the same distressing occasion may be a case of "sudden singing beauty" to which I am allergic:

> When I have borne this child, I may walk lightly again but it will be along my own way, the path of my own choosing and I want no one to follow me there, or to meet me at the crossroads.

So careless is the author of these creatures that he cannot even bother to remember their alleged doings. At the beginning of Susan's narrative she describes herself as a lonely girl of seventeen, nursing her sick mother and prevented by her

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STAPLES

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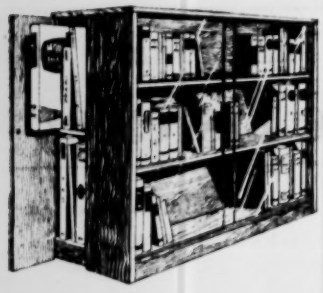
crippled ankle from running about with her brothers and sister. On pp. 142-43 she gives an entirely different account of her mother's last illness. Not only is no one left at home but herself and Tom, but she has long been cured of her lameness and able to dance and skate. I was so puzzled by this discrepancy and others that I spent an hour working out the chronology of the Fisher family to make sure I was not doing Mr. Treece an injustice. If a poet turns novelist he ought to realise that the creation of characters demands hard and concentrated imagination. Lazy, bombastic daydreaming about people who are not real, even to himself, is not enough.

I turned with relief to Geoffrey Kerr's frivolous thriller *Under the Influence*. In marked contrast to *The Rebels*, it is completely unpretentious and highly skilled. Mr. Kerr also uses the device of telling the story in a series of narratives in the first person. But oh, the blessed difference! For one thing, he has a story to tell and a good one. For another, there is a convincing reason why it should be told in that way. Lastly, each person writes in his own character and idiom and gives himself away delightfully in doing so. I will say no more of the plot than that it concerns a mild young bank clerk who, when slightly tipsy, has the embarrassing gift of reading people's thoughts. This involves him in a murder case, the machinations of a seedy theatrical agent and a Fleet Street scoop. It is pure light entertainment and nothing more, but admirably done. Everything is ingeniously thought out, dovetailed and cross-lighted, and the pace is as swift as an athlete's. Mr. Kerr deserves high marks for tackling his first novel in such a thoroughly craftsmanlike way.

I cannot say the same of another first novel—a very earnest one this time—*The Dry Stone*, by Gilbert Phelps. This, too, is written in the first person but by only one character. He is, unfortunately, the trickiest of all supposed autobiographers to handle successfully; the author of several novels, each better than the last, who solemnly describes his emotional and literary development. With Martin Crystal, these appear to have gone hand-in-hand in the most convenient way. Had it not been for the influence of a young person called Patricia, he might never have been transformed from a Civil Servant into a good *and* successful novelist producing his works at jet-propelled speed. Patricia first appears as a luscious suburban flapper with one simple interest. She reappears as a brilliant painter, careless of her own talent and only intent on enriching Martin's. It is impossible not to envy Martin this splendid soul-mate, as replete with every physical and spiritual charm as a Marie Corelli heroine. In the interval during which he returned to his neurotic wife, Patricia not only typed his first novel *Flax and Fire*, but "placed it with a publisher and corrected the proofs." When they are blissfully reunited after the wife's suicide, she is able to present him with the "advance notices" of *Flax and Fire*, and Martin promptly sets to work "with a fury of inspiration and concentration" on *The Glow Worm*. We leave the pair in Portugal. I should like to know how they worked their travel allowance. Anyhow, it has lasted them long enough for Martin to produce two more complete novels, one of which, *The Watershed*, is *definitely* a masterpiece. Yet, in spite of many absurdities and a maddening clumsiness in the management of the narrative which moves much too fast or much too slowly, there are signs that Gilbert Phelps, if not Martin Crystal, has genuine talent. There are many (indeed far too many) good thumbnail sketches; there is much acute observation and careful analysis and there is a touching desire to be honest about Martin's character. Some of the scenes between Martin and his pathetic, exasperating, neurotic wife make me believe that some day Gilbert Phelps may write a much better novel than *The Dry Stone*.

I have left little space for the single novel of these four which can be called a civilised work of art. In *Daughter of the House* Edith de Born creates a small world of relationships with elegance, economy and detachment. The small world is that of the rich shipowning bourgeoisie in a Flemish port before, during and after the German occupation. It has an original and ironic theme: the attempt of an old bachelor, a passionate collector of pictures, to create a human work of art out of the bastard child of a Flemish housekeeper and an Italian criminal. What he achieves is an intense and agonising bond between himself and his adopted daughter which can be loosened neither by his selfless attempts to detach her nor even by his death. It could, perhaps, be said that the author is a shade too deliberately impersonal; that she offers us a series of brilliant small scenes in a mirror rather than a world into which we are temporarily absorbed. Nevertheless her control, her subtle sense of character and the perfect placing of each detail in relation to the whole are an exquisite reproach to the bunglers who forget that the novel is a disciplined form.

ANTONIA WHITE



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SHORTER REVIEWS

Portrait of an Ice Cap with Human Figures. By J. M. SCOTT. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

The British Arctic Air Route Expedition of 1930-31 was officially chronicled at the time, and more personal accounts were given in J. M. Scott's Life of Gino Watkins, and Martin Lindsay's *Those Greenland Days*. Now Mr. Scott has had the idea of constructing a composite picture of the main episode—the establishment and manning of the ice cap station—by drawing on the unpublished diaries of half a dozen men. The experiment is a great success. The long-term objectives, the purpose of keeping weather records throughout the winter in the middle of Greenland, were taken for granted: the diaries are concerned with what each man felt, thought of, and longed for during the weeks of isolation and darkness at the ice cap, or the enhausting attempts to relieve the station when a winter's gales had obliterated all marks.

Characters and interests are sharply differentiated for each man's diary was his retreat into privacy Riley designs the accommodation plan for his Brixham trawler, reads *The Imitation of Christ*, and records his daily breakfast crack with Lindsay—"The postman's late." Lindsay, determined "not to be a martyr to meteorology," lays plans to walk out if the relief does not come through. Wager, the geologist, thinks about dyke and plateau basalt formation and tries to cultivate a taste for poetry. Courtauld, who spent five months alone, plans dinners, cruises, "a small house in Suffolk," remembers family birthdays and makes New Year resolutions, which range from "Mend moccasins and sleeping bag" to "Give up exploring." His last entry describes the arrival of the relief party, two months overdue, on the day his primus gave its last gasp. Courtauld's lonely manning of the station will always be one of the moving stories of the Arctic—nowhere more so than when revealed in these laconic, naive, and passionately sincere sentences written with frozen fingers in the near-darkness of his snow hut under the ice cap.

The Impenitent Midge. By VLADIMIR KRYMOV *Lane.* 12s. 6d.

"*The Impenitent Midge* is literature," concludes Blurb, "and it deserves to find a place on the same shelf as *The Unquiet Grave* and Somerset Maugham's *Writer's Notebook*." If only it were, and did! Its author tries hard to give it that sort of look. His "Works" are established by a list of twenty-seven books in Russian characters opposite the title page; a more substantial autobiography is referred to; journalism has paved the way to literature, and while the writer would have us think of him as writing on backs of circulars, he keeps a big drawer of clippings into which he's always dipping and snipping. *The Impenitent Midge*, then, is the snip-book of a Russian who has interviewed Tolstoy and Wells, Rozanov and Gorky, emigrated to a garden on the Seine (and very nice, too!), known books, travel, pessimism, drink, women and success, but none intimately. Who had Kuprin, drunk, shoved on him in a taxi? Whose white nights were sustained by the thought that, while *his* books might be rotten, books alone would save humanity—so, write on, write on? It is so carefully, so prettily, so in the end tamely done that one may wonder now and then whether "V. Krymov" isn't a spoof.

Of course he isn't, and *The Impenitent Midge* is quite good reading. Some of its reflections show a worldly experience, some observations are sharp, some little stories amuse. If he bores on literature and gambling, he entertains with drink and travel. But the quintessential appeal of such writing—the egotism, the lyrical flights, and cynical descents—is almost entirely lacking. As an advertisement of those twenty-seven untranslated books, it leaves us much where we were: not eager, but not unwilling.

The Flagstad Manuscript. By LOUIS BIANCOLLI. *Heinemann.* 21s.

"Then came a big thrill: Puccini's *Fanciulla del West*. I so loved doing that exciting drama! It gave me my first romantic taste of America." Granted that this book, dictated by Mme Flagstad to the author, is primarily intended for American readers, surely even the American reading public expects slightly less ingenuous and fatuous remarks from a woman of intelligence. Unfortunately, that remark is all too typical of a sadly disappointing book. A glance at the illustrations of *The Flagstad Manuscript* leads one to anticipate a colourful autobiography, for there are many intriguing glimpses of the greatest Wagnerian soprano of our age in the costumes of *Der Orloff* and other operettas of the Twenties. But Kirsten Flagstad does little more than mention the experiences in passing; indeed, almost everything is mentioned in passing—we are starved of personal anecdote, of critical observation or understanding of personalities, of excitement. What should have been a voyage of adventure in a Viking ship, is no more than a humdrum cruise in a canal barge with little of interest to note on either bank.

The greater part of the book is taken up with Mme Flagstad's trouble in America where, as the widow of a member of Quisling's party, she suffered consid-

erable opposition after the war. It must all have been pretty galling for the singer, but somehow one would have preferred her to have devoted a little less space to her political apology and more to telling us about her colleagues and her experiences. There have been precious few women in history who could sing Isolde like Kirsten Flagstad.

Selected Philosophical Writings of Diderot. Edited by JOHN LOUGH. *Cambridge.* 15*s.*

Some years ago Professor F. C. Green introduced in English an edition in the original of Diderot's scattered writings on the theatre; here from the same press, edited by Professor Lough, but without an introduction, is a volume of selected philosophical pieces. Professor Green's introductory essay would in fact have suited this volume almost better than its own. The common reader or student who assimilates here for the first time D'Alembert's Dream, the *Pensées Philosophiques* and Diderot's extolling of the sexual code of the Patagonians in his *Supplément* to Bougainville's Voyage to Tahiti might well wonder how, if at all, they hang together; especially since for reason of space the crucial *Lettre sur les Aveugles* had to be left out. Diderot emerges here as a sensualist, a determinist, a moralist, an atheist. What was his historical importance as a philosophical vulgariser? What in his philosophical outlook did he owe to Locke? This pleasant, carefully edited selection could, one feels, have done with a short orientating present-day conception of its author.

Pleasures of Music. By JACQUES BARZUN. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s.*

Mr. Barzun has taken time off from writing large works on literature and music to compose an anthology of musical literature. He holds that "anyone with or without a musical ear who has learned to read words can understand everything in this book," and his claim is largely true. There are no technicalities to puzzle the layman, and the book is most entertaining to read.

The bulk of it consists of nineteenth-century writing, which is natural considering the enormous increase of musical literature since 1800. But a special virtue of the book is the inclusion of passages by great literary figures not usually associated with music. Peacock, Hardy, De Quincey, Delacroix, Mazzini, Molière, Tolstoy and Dickens are surprising but valuable contributors. Unity is secured by the criteria the author has set himself: "the representative worth of the sample, the greatness of the mind that conceived it, and the felicity of the prose." Extracts from Mozart's letters and the works of Berlioz should send readers back to the complete editions, and the author has catered for this desire by including a comprehensive list of his sources. The book is beautifully produced and should prove the truth of Shaw's contention that it is possible to make musical criticism readable even by the deaf.

First Book of Chess. By HOROWITZ AND REINFELD. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Learn Chess Fast. By RESHEVSKY AND REINFELD. *Hollis & Carter.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Not so long ago most chessbooks were unreadable for all but those indomitable enthusiasts who were not afraid to wade through masses of ill-assorted and indigestible material. Most of the more recent books are much better. What these two have in common is not merely the same co-author, but the new general trend of dealing with essentials exclusively, intensely, and in the proper order: explaining basic rules and principles first, leaving more complex matters for later, and dealing with opening theory last and by the commendable method of illustrating merely the basic ideas by means of some well-chosen examples.

Like most new American chessbooks these two adopt the "movie" technique of using a new diagram for almost every move of the game or ending to be explained. However welcome a copious supply of diagrams, an overdose may be rather a waste of space, as the inexperienced reader will have to set up board and pieces anyway, and is indeed repeatedly (and rightly) urged to do so. On the whole, though, both these books serve their purpose perfectly.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,230

Set by Arachne McLeod

A publisher, describing his plans to launch a book by a P.o.W. who escaped from Germany, announced that "we have suggested to him that he arrives in England from South Africa in an open boat a few days before publication date." Readers are invited to outline plans for a sensational sales-promoting arrival, on the eve of publication, by the authors of any one of the following books: *Coryat's Crudities*, *A Sentimental Journey*, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, *The Kon-Tiki Expedition*, *Voyage of the Beagle*, *Old Calabria*, *Farthest North*, or *A Little Tour in France*. Limit, 150 words; entries by September 29.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,227

Set by Naomi Lewis

Certain sophisticated magazines require a short biographical account of (and usually contributed by) their authors in that issue. Competitors are invited to compose a 150-word note of this kind by one of the following: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Blake, Chatterton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Walt Whitman or Baudelaire.

Report by Naomi Lewis

A posthumous encyclopædia history really wasn't the thing. A contributor is (one assumes) alive at the time of writing; and generally in early or mid-career. What *is* of interest is the fear of mystery which causes all these lives to be ironed out into a reassuring banality, far more deadly to their subject than silence or scandal. *Two children; cottage in Sussex; has been teacher, bartender, poultry farmer; hobbies . . .* Yet the facts may all be there; it is the bias (that is, the presentation) that matters. All the Whitmans failed by giving their story in Whitmanese.

The Shakespeareans did better: ". . . one of the under-forties who promise to make the reign a second Augustan Age. He is married and is the father of two girls, but agrees with Mrs. Shakespeare that London is no place for growing children." (Goodwill) So did most of the Chaucers: ". . . Part-author (with N. Coghill) of *Canterbury Tales*" (R. J. A. Askew) ". . . is in the Civil Service 'because where else can you get the time to write or six weeks' leave at a stretch?'" (L. G. Udall). L. Marshall Scott's Chatterton was clearly auto-contributed ("born of aristocratic parents, mother a direct descendant of Shakespeare, stolen by gypsies, adopted by a Mrs. Chatterton of Bristol . . .") but it lacked the sub-editorial-gloss which the paper would certainly have provided. Many near-winners failed by not keeping up their belief in the situation for the length of the entry; by scurrility, inaccuracy, or by being deliberately funny.

Two guineas each to Ralph Elliott and Gerald Priestland; a guinea each to Stanley Sharpless and Edward Blishen. Runners-up: J. R. Till, R. J. A. Askew, Goodwill, Geoffrey Coleby, Sheila Knowles, Dorothy Brown, L. Marshall Scott, L. G. Udall, Nancy Gunter, Sheila Sullivan.

Nobody would suspect that Geoffrey Chaucer, whose *Envoy to Bukton* appears on page 21, is a keen forester, amateur astronomer and professional civil servant. Soldier, diplomat, customs officer—Mr. Chaucer's chequered career has equipped him well both for his official duties and the genial, quaintly archaic *novellen* with which he delights readers of *The Fourteenth-Century Review*.

In his pleasant Aldgate flat Mr. Chaucer (he likes to be called "Dan") keeps his unique collection of monastic relics, his astrolabe, and souvenirs of his Italian journeys. Critical but sympathetic, with a weakness for Chaumpaigne and particular affection for St. Griselda, he abhors false romanticism and bad French. He is the translator of a well-known French horticultural *roman*, but confesses with his engaging whimsical smile: "I rather devise my own tales of sundry folk, I guess"; for people are his absorbing hobby, except for occasional rambles in Kent with his son, little Lewis.

RALPH ELLIOTT

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree: not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation. **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (two if you have passed certain professional examinations). You may study for these at home and in your own time, wherever you are. **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees are reasonable, and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 17,000 Successes at London University examinations, 1925-52. **Write for PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. V1121.

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Middle-aged, balding actor-manager-playwright Will "Shakespeare, Shaxper or what you will" is the mystery man of London's theatreland. Popular but elusive, most often run to earth under the sign of the Mermaid Tavern with fellow playwrights Christopher ("Jew of Malta") Marlowe and Ben Jonson, Will just smiles at gossip writers' anecdotes of his wild Warwickshire 'teens. Wife Anne and twins Hamnet and Judith still prefer the peace of their Avonside cottage at Stratford. Author of a score of Globe successes, Shakespeare says: "I take my material where I find it." He's now working on a new piece, a comedy. Rumour has it that it's to be his swansong, with the author, thinly disguised as the central character, taking his final bow. Title? Nothing definite. Will, enigmatic as ever, tells us: "It's just a storm in a teacup." GERALD PRIESTLAND

Nature and stamps are among the principal interests of William Wordsworth, whose new poem, "Lines Addressed to an Aged Female Caught in the Rain near Dungeon Ghyll" is being serialized in our next six issues. Mr. Wordsworth believes a poet's private life should be shrouded in a decent reticence, and has vouchsafed but scanty personal details for publication. Cockermouth-born, he went to Cambridge and later to France, where he completed his education. It has been rumoured ('by hostile critics' says Mr. Wordsworth) that there he flirted with Leftism, but he vigorously denies he was ever a card-carrying Jacobin. Of his poems, Mr. Wordsworth's own favourites are the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (for loftiness of sentiment) and *Goody Blake* (for unaffected simplicity of expression). A strong advocate of Poetry for the People, Mr. Wordsworth has not hesitated, in a celebrated lyrical effusion, to call a spade a spade.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Vinther's son, ex-page, and prisoner-of-war at the age of seventeen, Geoffrey Chaucer brings to literature a varied and unexpected background. He has mixed his career as a man of letters adroitly with his achievements as a man of the world: was, for example, in Italy as a diplomat, but took the opportunity to meet the leading poets of that artistically go-ahead nation. In a switch-back of a public career he has been many things, from spy to Customs Officer. Married, and with one child, he says he can always be sure of providing his family with wine (of which he has been made numerous grants), but can't be certain of giving them anything else. He sets some store by being the first English *littérateur* (so far as is known) to obtain an increase of salary by writing a poem of complaint. Modestly concurring with the view that he is the most skilful of our translators, Mr. Chaucer is now at work on an omnibus of short stories: promises that "there will be something in it for every member of the family." EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Draws Proper or Naughty

No. 207

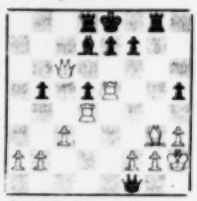
The other day when giving us the benefit of his (and C. H. O'D. Alexander's) interesting research into the trend of modern opening theory E. T. O. Slater was wondering if the markedly increasing tendency for draws is foreshadowing *Remistod*. This is a vital question; for while the steadily increasing percentage of draws may merely indicate universally increased knowledge and strength we still do not know if we should brag or worry; it all depends on what sort of draws they are: honestly fought for, or a lazy and barren *remis de convénance*, contrived by mutual agreement to dodge the issue before it can be properly joined. What is the percentage of "proper" and of "naughty" draws? No use guessing. We have to find the facts, which—with Slater's kindly and expert help—may mean investigating scores of tournament books. Nor can we be satisfied with a mere glance at the number of moves; for it is easy enough to continue evasive woodshifting well beyond the 30th, and yet there are draws of under 20, providing glorious fights, such as Hamppe-Meitner, Vienna, 1872, or Alekhine-Botvinnik, Nottingham, 1936, or Geller-Golombek, Budapest, 1952. Here is the result of a preliminary investigation based on four important tournaments within 25 years. At Kecskemet, 1927, there were 16 "naughty" draws out of 65; but at Nottingham 1936 there were only six out of 42, including even the one in which Capablanca, feeling far from fit that day, had every excuse to seek an easy draw against Fine. An equally severe standard was applied to Groningen, 1946, and yet only seven of the 80 draws were "patched up," while in Budapest, 1952, there were as many as 13 out of 52. Even so, this does not seem too bad, and altogether I consider these preliminary results more gratifying than I had dared to expect. We can but hope that a more comprehensive investigation will bear out the assumption that we are far removed from the danger of our game dying from a surfeit of book knowledge. That investigation will have to be made, since it may well be that the four tournaments picked for the present purpose happen to be exceptionally conspicuous for abundance of properly fought draws and paucity of naughty ones.

Here—Szabo-Ciocaltea, Bucharest, 1953—is a truly fighting draw, with the Black King braving all but deadly danger.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-Q3	
(3)	P-Q4	P x P	
(4)	Kt x P	Kt-KB3	
(5)	Kt-QB3	P-QR3	
(6)	B-KKt5	P-K3	
(7)	B-K2	B-K2	
(8)	0-0	Q-B2	
(9)	Q-Q3	QKt-Q2	
(10)	Q-Kt3	Kt-K4	
(11)	QR-Q1	0-0?	
(12)	P-B4	Kt-Kt3	
(13)	P-B5!	Kt-K4	
(14)	B-KR6	Kt-Kt3!	
(15)	P x Kt	P x B	
(16)	P-Kt7!	R-K1	
(17)	K-R1	P-Kt4	
(18)	P-QR3	B-Kt2	
(19)	B-B3	Kt-Q2	
(20)	Kt-Q5!	P x Kt	
(21)	Kt-B5	B-Kt4	
(22)	P-KR4	P x P	
(23)	B-R5	Kt-B3	
(24)	P x B	Kt x B	
(25)	Kt x RP ch	K x P	
(26)	Q-R4	K-Kt3!	
(27)	P-KKt4	Kt-Kt6 ch	
(28)	Q x Kt	P-K6 ch	
(29)	K-Kt1	P-K7	
(30)	R x QP ch	K-Kt2	
(31)	R-Kt6 ch!	RP x R	
(32)	Q x Q	P x R(Q) ch	
(33)	K x Q	B-Q4	
(34)	Q-B3 ch	K-R2	
(35)	P-Kt3	QR-B1	
(36)	Q-R3	K-Kt2	
(37)	Q-Q3	QR-Q1	
(38)	Q-QB3 ch	K-R2	
(39)	Q-KB6	R-QB1	
(40)	Kt-B5	P x Kt	
(41)	Q x P(5) ch	K-Kt2	
(42)	Q x B	R-K3	

Here, after a defence no less valiant than the attack, the draw was agreed.

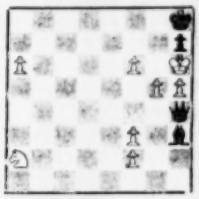
A: Jacobsen 1953



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White, banking on his Q's safety thanks to a mating threat, played R(5) x QP. Why was that a fatal mistake? **B**—White to win—is an easy and quite instructive end-game study, rather overrated with 6 points; but **C**—also a win—is hardly a bargain for 7 ladder-points.

B: H. Otten

C: Issayeff & Lewmann 1926



Usual prizes. Entries by September 29.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 29

A: (1) B-R1!, Kt-Kt7, (2) K-K3, K-Kt8, (3) K-Q2, K x B, (4) K-B1! etc.
(4) K-B2? would be refuted by Kt-Q6.

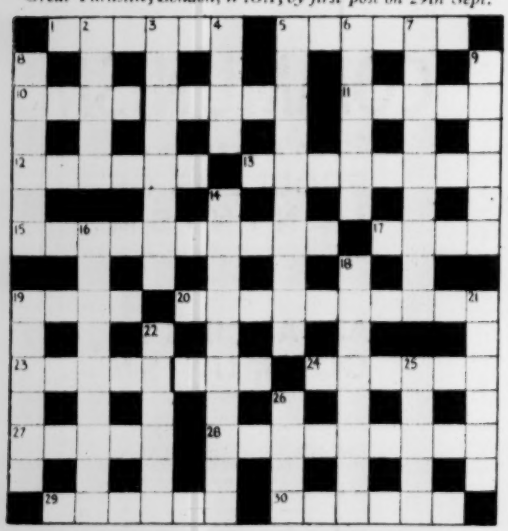
B: *Key*: P-Q3 (thr.: B-K4, and Kt mating), (1) . . . R-R1! (2) B-K4, Q-KKt1! (3) B-QKt2!! etc. (*Zugzwang*).

C: (1) P-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1, (2) B-Q5 (thr.: B-K4), P queens, (3) P-B3!, R-R8!, (4) B-K4, Q-QKt8, (5) B-B5!! etc.

Dozens of correct solutions. L. Barden, G. S. Fisher, C. J. Morse found that in **A** Black *can* win by (2) . . . Kt-B4, followed by Kt-R5. They share the prizes with B. Lodge, A. Gosschalk, R. L. Mason. *Non-Londoners' 15th move* Q-Q3. We shall have to interrupt the game for a month or two, and while I am abroad, entries should reach the office by Monday afternoon so as not to miss being forwarded in time.
ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 66

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 66, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 29th Sept.



ACROSS

1. This garment is made of horn and stuck (6).
5. Fail as a farmer? (6).
10. Dainties and a mixed company (4, 5).
11. Cut and bob the hair (5).
12. There is little enough anger in ridicule (6).
13. Hauling apparatus which may make a girl breathless? (8).
15. "It dawns in Asia, tombstones show And ——— names are read" (10).
17. Devil without a name (4).
19. Mark the pillow-cover (4).
20. I am one of these helps to draughtsmen (10).
23. Finish, although the games seem to have been postponed (5, 3).
24. Near Fleet St. this helps to make a yarn (6).
27. Fruit goes out of fashion (5).
28. Stacks of fruit in verse (9).
29. Good intentions ladies must have (6).
30. Barely human state (6).

DOWN

2. Attack on several games (5).
3. Used by riders to rouse and urge upwards (8).
4. Turner at the seaside (4).
5. Pam is a girl; this says nothing new (10).
6. The leg is not too far worward (6).
7. An undertaker (9).
8. The safest way of enjoying oneself (6).
9. Picked out for Korea (6).
14. Pens for thoughtless followers (10).
16. Added strength (9).
18. Congregated for wine with a broken reed (8).
19. Passionate speech for one in business (6).
21. This vice is said differently in the returned manuscript (6).
22. Songs over the Union in Russia (6).
25. Southern course for a northerner (5).
26. Warning which seems to appeal to people (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 64

B	A	L	L	A	D	■	P	A	S	S	W	O	R	D
A	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	T	■	A	■	U	■	■
S	O	R	T	I	L	E	G	E	■	Y	O	K	E	L
E	■	K	■	S	■	I	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	L
B	A	S	S	E	T	S	■	S	T	I	P	P	L	E
A	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	■	■	T	■	P	■	S
L	O	V	E	■	N	U	T	S	H	E	L	L	S	■
L	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	U	■	S	■	E	■	S
■	F	L	O	U	N	D	E	R	S	■	I	S	L	E
W	■	E	■	R	■	■	■	B	■	S	■	■	■	M
A	W	N	I	N	G	S	■	I	N	C	L	I	N	E
S	■	T	■	K	■	C	■	T	■	H	■	B	■	S
T	R	I	B	E	■	R	O	O	S	E	V	E	L	T
E	■	N	■	Y	■	A	■	N	■	M	■	A	■	E
D	R	E	S	S	I	N	G	■	S	E	T	T	E	R

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 64

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PERSONAL

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LONDON County Council. Survey of London. General Editor. The Survey of London (24 vols so far issued) records parish by parish the buildings and places of architectural and historical interest in London. The Council requires, on or after January 1, 1954, a whole-time or part-time General Editor in the Clerk of the Council's department, who must have literary ability, mature architectural taste, historical knowledge and antiquarian experience. Salary in the range of £1,100 to £1,750 according to qualifications and experience; in proportion if part-time. Apply by October 17 on form obtainable from Clerk of the Council (D.1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (928)

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B.B.C. requires Variety Producer in Manchester. Duties involve usual activities of producer including exploration and development of light entertainment resources in the Region. Good knowledge of variety and dance band professions essential. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Candidate with outstanding qualifications might be appointed on a higher grade. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "111, N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped add. env.

B.B.C. requires Announcer in Leeds. Duties include presentation of all types of programmes and preparation and editing of special announcements and Programme Parades. Good microphone voice, good general education, interest in and some knowledge of music, current affairs and literature and correct pronunciation of French, German and Italian are all essential. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £1,065 maximum per annum. Initial appointment may be at £590 if no fully qualified candidate applies. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "113, N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires General Programme Assistant in Birmingham. Duties mainly concerned with agricultural and horticultural matters relating to Midland counties. Proved writing ability, capacity to conduct microphone interviews and thorough knowledge of agriculture in Midlands essential. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "112, N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNITED Nations. Examination for Spanish Translators. The United Nations proposes to hold an examination in Paris, probably in November next, to select suitable candidates for posts as Spanish translators. Candidates should be under 55 years of age, with Spanish as their mother tongue, and should hold a university degree or equivalent qualifications. In addition to Spanish, they should possess a knowledge of two of the other official languages of the United Nations (English, French, Russian, Chinese). Candidates should normally be nationals of a State Member of the United Nations. Prospective candidates possessing these qualifications can obtain further information and application forms by writing, not later than September 21, 1953, to: Personnel Division, Spanish Examination Section, Room 252, Palais des Nations, Geneva, Switzerland, enclosing an envelope not less than 9in × 4in, bearing their name and address.

CITY of Launceston, Tasmania. Director of Museum and Art Gallery. Applications will be received by the Agent-General for Tasmania, 457 Strand, London, W.C.2, until Monday, October 12, 1953, for the position of Director of the Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery. Salary range £A950-£A1,150 per annum according to qualifications. This is subject to fluctuation in accordance with variations in Cost of Living. Applicants must have a University degree, preferably an Honours or higher degree. Further particulars obtainable from the Agent-General.—C. S. Staubi, Town Clerk.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department whose main duty will be the preparation of Modern Language programmes for Secondary Schools. Essential qualifications: University degree, preferably in Modern Languages, good oral knowledge of French and German, wide general culture and some feeling for radio presentation. Teaching experience desirable. Starting salary £795 (may be higher if qualifications and experience exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,065 maximum per annum. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, for further particulars and application forms, marking letter "105 N.Stm." and enclosing stamped addressed envelope. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer within 14 days of this advertisement.

GLASGOW University. Department of Extra-Mural Education. Applications invited for post of full-time Staff Tutor. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications, preferably in Science or Art. Commencing salary from £500 to £775 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Children's allowance and F.S.S.U. Experience of adult education desirable. Further particulars from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, 91 Oakfield Avenue, Glasgow, W.2, to whom six copies of application should be sent, including names of three referees, not later than October 2, 1953.

COUNCIL of Christians and Jews is about to appoint an additional officer to assist in the development of its work in provincial centres, especially in the North of England. The appointment will in the first instance be based on London. Salary within the range £500—£750. The post calls for initiative, drive, and the ability to establish good relationships at a leadership level. Applications are invited from men with a keen interest in social questions and in human relations, especially Christian-Jewish relations. Letters of application, with full particulars of experience and qualifications, to 162a, Strand, London, W.C.2, by September 30.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), Armidale, N.S.W., Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Assistant Lecturer in French, duties to commence in March, 1954. The appointment will be for a period of two years, but may be extended for further periods. The lecturer must be of French birth and education, and preferably the holder of a Licence ès Lettres. The salary will be within the range £A650 to £A850 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £A247 males, £A187 females). Applications, accompanied by a recent photograph and giving the names of three referees, should be forwarded to reach Monsieur Charpentrat, Direction Générale, Bureau des Relations Culturelles, Quai d'Orsay, Paris, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than September 30, 1953.

TEMPORARY Research Assistant required at once for six months by Research Institute on a project concerned with economic and social history of British business, 19th and 20th centuries. Academic qualifications essential, some experience an asset. Salary scale £400—£550. Applications in handwriting with full details to Box 1918.

HOUSEPARENT and School Matron (both resident) required at small voluntary home for difficult children aged 7-11 years at Seer Green, Nr. Beaconsfield. Apply within 14 days giving age, exper. and two refs. Pounds Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1.

NATIONAL Institute of Economic and Social Research. Economics graduate with good shorthand-typing required to act as private secretary to the Director. Applications in writing only, giving full details and salary required to the Secretary, 2 Dean Trench Street, Smith Square, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Applications are invited for a post of Administrative Assistant in the Registrar's Office at a salary on the scale £350 × £25—£650/800 a year. Experience of examinations work will be an advantage. Applications (three copies) stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than Sept. 26.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. The Village College, Bassingbourn. Appointment of Warden. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Village College, Bassingbourn, which will be opened in September, 1954. The successful candidate will be required to take up duty in April, 1954. Applicants must be Graduates, preferably in Honours, of a British University. The Village College is a Community Centre for a group of villages built on a site of 22 acres. It contains a Secondary Modern School for 300 boys and girls and accommodation reserved for use by young people and adults. The salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale (Group V) with an Additional Payment of £200 a year (recognised for superannuation by the Ministry of Education) for the supervision of Further Education. The Warden will be assisted by a full-time organising Tutor for Adult Education and there will be a Housekeeper and a Secretary. A house is provided for the Warden. Forms of application (with a full statement of particulars) can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom they should be returned by October 2, 1953.

CITY of Oxford Children's Department. Appointment of Resident Assistant House Mother. Applications are invited for the following posts. (1) Assistant House Mother (resident), in Short Stay Children's Home accommodating thirty children of school age. The Assistant House Mother is responsible for a family group of children. (2) Assistant House Mother, resident, in Family Home for twelve children. £6 per week, less deduction of £1 13s. for residence, in both cases. Application forms and full particulars from City Children's Officer, 10 Worcester Street, Oxford. Harry Plowman, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Oxford.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during training period. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

BOOK Publishers seek efficient Shorthand-typist/Secretary. Holborn 8471.

SECRETARY (Sh./typ.) 5 days and part-time sh. typist required for small busy Export Office. Phone WEL. 6025.

BOOK-keeper/Finance Officer required by British branch of international voluntary organisation for London office. Full details on request. Box 1886.

EXCELLENT posts for educ. secretaries & shorthand typists up to £9. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

STAGE designer urgently requires secretary. Permanent. Box 2006.

APPLICATIONS are invited from women with suitable training and experience in youth work for appointment as one of three Clubs Advisers. Applicants must be prepared to travel throughout Scotland. Salary scale, with placing according to experience, and superannuation. Three copies of application, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with copies of three testimonials, should be returned to Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, 13 Eglinton Crescent, Edinburgh, 12.

YOUTH Hostels Association require immediately Assistant Publicity Officer (male). Salary £350 to £400 (according to age and experience) × £25 to £500. Particulars and application form from Nat. Secretary, Welwyn Garden City.

WELFARE Officer reqd. for Boarding-Out and Girls After-Care Work in the counties of Oxon. and Bucks. Salary on A.P.T. Scale for suitably qualified applicant. Write Miss Chavasse, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

GRADUATE master and matron (both single) required for co-educational school. West Country. Box 1836.

DOMESTIC Staff: British or Continental cooks, cooks-general, mother's helps, married couples, etc., available through Five Cities Bureau, 90a George Street, London, W.1. WEL. 3897. We also secure first-class jobs for employees.

RESIDENT Housekeeper able to run fairly big house. S. Devon. Ideal for gentlewoman who wants to do a worthwhile job and supplement her income. Apply Markus, Hapstead House, Buckfastleigh, Devon.

RESIDENT Seamstress required to take charge of repair and issue of clothing in Intermediate Approved School for about 40 intelligent boys between the ages of 13 and 17. The post can have more than domestic interest for the right person. Wages £4 16s. 6d. per week with repayment of 30s. per week for full board and lodging. Apply Headmaster, Kneesworth Hall, Nr. Royston, Herts.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man, 31, public school, 3 Credit 2 Passes, 8 yrs. exp. first Catalogue film library (historical research), can type, sk. similar post library, newspaper, periodical publishing. London, full part-time, whil studying Librarianship. Box 1877.

CHARTERED Accountant (30), single available December, seeks responsible commercial appointment or interesting post with a charitable organisation. Willing to travel Box 1631.

HONS. Grad. Economics and Politics, 2½ experd. journalism, incl. national daily & in industrial administration, seeks change with interest and prospects. Box 1831.

SOLICITOR (38), qualified 1938, soun. general exp., sks. post involving initiative responsibility. London/Surrey. Box 1968.

RESEARCH Physicist (Ph.D.) seeks temporary post. Experienced in nuclear emulsion technique, photomicrography. Any thing interesting considered. Box 1783.

GENTLEMAN (33) and his mother desire post in country where opportunity to pursue own activities of writing. Genuine animal lovers, can drive car, would undertake certain domestic duties as caretakers etc. Box 1867.

FORMER successful market-gardener, now slightly disabled, sks. congenial occupation connected with horticulture or the Arts. Age 42, good educ., Sh./typing, accounts, correspondence, etc. Mod. salary. Box 1841.

OPEN-air-loving motor-cyclist (35) seek journey-work, e.g., dispatch-rider, courier etc. Own machine. Exl. refs. Box 1779.

NO Degree, no Diploma, no chicken! Woman (45) otherwise exceptional qualifications, first-rate exp. social welfare/admin./editorial/secretarial, will consider anything worthwhile anywhere. Box 1962.

YOUNG woman (27) A.R.C.M. provincial music critic, lecturer, pianist, seeks interesting music post. Box 1834.

WELL-educated young lady, 27, with business experience, seeks interesting and entirely different position. Not clerical. Anything considered. Box 1769.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

CHILDREN'S author, yng. woman, 27 seeks post where opportunity to learn book trade. Box 1719.

YNG. Lady B.A., fluent French, Italian Spanish, also German, Russian. Capable Sh/typist, 5 yrs. bus. experience, sks. interesting work. Anything considered. Box 1824

EDUCATED cook-housekeeper (36) seek post London area. Box 1891.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPEWRITING/Duplicating. Lit. MSS testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate attractive presentation. Personal supervision Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar. 5239

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation. Theses, MSS, etc. Confidential Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length MS. Special rates for students and societies. 501/2 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 6411/2.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit., MSS., etc. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing/Secretarial service. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

TYPING of any nature executed promptly. A. Jones, 57 Elm Road, Kingston, Surrey.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS. of any length by arrangement, 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating, Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24 hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

SCHOLARSHIP

A MENDELSSOHN Scholarship of £250 for musical composition will be competed for early in 1954. Age limit 30. Particulars from the Hon. Sec., Redcote, Port Hill Gardens, Shrewsbury.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

"THE Homefinder" can help you find a house. Hundreds advertised in every issue. Published monthly, price 9d., from Newsagents. By post 1s. from Homefinders, Ltd., 42 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.2.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

TWO pleasant semi-furnished rooms. Gas fires. Divan beds. £2 5s. p.w. incl. electricity, hot-water. Professional couple. Phillips, 128a Barry Rd., S.E.22.

CENTLEMEN only. Modern Bed-sitting-room, Divan bed. Bath, use of Kitchen. Service and Laundry attended to. Incl. heat-ing, light, linen, £3 3s. p.w. Bayswater Dis-trict. Phone PAD. 9083 after 6.30.

BED-sitting room, doctor's house, N. Lon-don. Small gas cooker. 30s. Box 1900.

ADELAIDE Rd. S/c. flat, 2 excellent rooms, tiny kitch./bathroom. Fully, comf. furn., 'phone, 'fridge, use garden. 7gns. per week, incl. gas, elec. Brittan, day MAY 9255, evng. HOL. 0618.

KENSINGTON. S/c. basement flat nr. Westbourne Gr. Large lounge (sleep 2); k. & b. Tel. Ladies only. 57s. 6d. Box 1933.

HALF flat, S.W.5. Suit business lady. Tel. C.h.w. Min. Tube. 2gns. Box 1934.

LARGE furnished room, all amenities, pri-vate house, W.10. 30s. per week to woman willing occas. baby-mind. Box 1864.

PLEASANT divan room available. Private house. Mins. heath and stn. SPE. 5918.

LADY pianist (amateur) invited to share pleasant Muswell Hill garden flat with Civil Servant—singer (f. 31.) Box 1882.

WEST Hampstead. Furnished bed-sit. Use of kitchen, bathroom, bus. lady or gentleman. 50s. HAM. 7257. After 6 p.m.

COMF. bed-sit. rm. Suit bus. lady. Priv. house. £2 2s. Maida Vale. CUN. 7586.

FURNISHED room. Mod. flat, all cons. £2 per wk. inc. Chiswick area. Box 1794.

SUNNY bed-sit. in private flat for business girl. Gas ring, constant H.W. 2½gns. per week. Phone MAC 3569 before 9.30 a.m.

PROFESSIONAL or executive woman offered well furnished divan room in flat, quiet, garden square Kensington. Central heating, lift, caretaker. Box 1789.

CLOSE Tube, buses, well furn. b/s. rm. opt brkfst., meals, ckg. fac., bath. Phone aft. 4, wk-ends aft. 11 a.m. PRI. 2403.

PLEASANT, quiet, comf. divan room. Washbasin H. & C., hotplate, electric kettle, own meter. Use bath. 2 min. Horn-sey Rise bus terminus. 35s. p.w. PAR. 4392.

ST. Johns Wood. Bed.-sitting room to let. £2 5s. Breakfast extra. CUN. 9287.

B. & B. 10s. 6d. daily, N.W.2. GLA. 1019. Perm. for gentleman from £2 10s. wk.

COMF. divan-room in Continental house. Breakfast/dinner, all conveniences. Very moderate terms. GLA. 3254 or Box 2026.

PUTNEY 4561. 2 mins. East Putney Stn. Quiet resid. rd. Lge. divan-sit. room. All convens. Gentleman only. 45s. p.w.

NICELY furnished bed-sitting room with adjoining kitchenette in professional (musi-cal) house. Linen and utensils provided; own meters; suit business gentleman (20 mins. Waterloo). £3 10s. 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

LARGE sgle. bed-sit. overlkg. garden; use kit. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

BEAUTIFUL dble. room, all conv., for business people, near Kilburn Tube Stn. 10 Mowbray Road, N.W.6. WIL. 3392.

ONE serviced well-furnished single room, £2 15s., use kitchen, bath, gas. Milk 'frig., bed linen. Tel. MAI. 5267.

YOUNG woman doctor seeks two ladies to share her flat, Barnes. Box 1997.

NAVAL Officer's wife (27) offers share of small St. John's Wood flat, garden, to girl of similar age. Box 1994, or MAI. 5003.

MANS. flat. W.9. 2 fur. rms. Share kit. & bath. Suit 2 girls/men. Box 1919.

THREE comf. bedrooms. Breakfast if reqd. Every convenience. SPE. 5308.

NR. Hampstead Heath, pleas. fur. b/sit. rm. in priv. flat, own tel., cen. htg., use bath-rm., gdn. 50s. p.w. Box 1974.

TO let, well-furn. sgle. and dble. bed-sitting rooms, new house; constant hot water, linen, serv. & bkfast. HAM. 8698.

SWISS Cottage. Pleas. divan room. Single lady. Cent. heated house. Cooking facils. 2½gns. PRI. 9135 after 6 p.m.

NW.2. Comfortably furn. 2 rooms., own kit., use bath, 4gns. WIL. 1644.

YOUNG business woman, Australian, wants 1 or 2 girls to share her charming flat. S.W. London. Box 1984.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CHELSEA Studio, well-furn., large. Vac. 29th. View now. Long let only. Rent 5gns. inc. cleaning. Terms mthly. or qtrly. in advance. Gas fire & ring. Use bathroom. S.C. Dble. divan, etc. Ideal writer or prof. man or woman. Phone Housekeeper, FLA 5645 or apply 55 Oakley St., London, S.W.3.

TWO rooms and kitchen to let, furnished, also large bed-sitting room; alternatively whole upper half of house. Near Tube, bus. Clapham South. Quiet situation. Box 1742.

GAILY decorated furn. self-contained flat. Lounge, bedroom, kitchen. Use bath, tel. Suit two business ladies. 4gns. Ring LIV 6106 after 5.30. Sth. Norwood.

TWO attractive newly decorated furn. rooms, own bthrm., available singly or 2 friends. Georgian house; use 'phone, pleasant garden. Ideal for prof. women, students. 50s. each. Kensington. CUN. 9082.

NW.2. Very nice sgle. bed-sit. room, 45s. incl. all convens. WIL. 1644.

IN Doctor's house W.4. Furn. 3 bedrm. (or 2 & lge. Nursery). Lnge., Din., Kitchen, garden. Oct.-Apr. 6½gns. Box 1947.

UNFURN. s/c flat, 2 b. Rent £135. W.9. Vacant to anyone offering bungalow for sale accessible city. CUN. 0649.

WIDOW in well-furnished quiet house with large garden in Reigate would like lady to share. Suit a writer. Box 1755.

EPSOM. 3 furnished rooms on own floor for 3 bachelor friends; breakfast, garage, gar-den; 3gns. each. Bray, Croft House, 11 Col-lege Rd., Epsom.

RYE, Sussex. Charming, tiny, modernised cottage fur., to let mid-Oct.—April. 2gns. per wk. St. John's House, N.W.8.

FITTLEWORTH (Pulborough), furn. house to let, 3 bed., 2 sitt., all electric. Oct.-March. 4gns. p.w. Box 1876.

TO let. For 8 months Oct.-May, attractive and comf. cot. Instow, N. Devon. All elec., 2 bedrooms, indoor sanitation, no bath-rm. Reas. rent to careful tenants. Box 1927.

W. SUSSEX. Charming bungalow, 6 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. Long/short let. 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3. PRI. 1043.

SUSSEX. Sunny bedsitrm., ckr., fire, tel., views. 25s. Suit writer. Box 1952.

CORNWALL. Period house to let. Newlyn, Mounts Bay. 2 rec. rms., 4 bdrms., kit., bathrm., sun parlour. Mod., conts. Simply furn. Write Hodin, 32 Eton Ave., N.W.3.

YOUNG couple with child req. fur./unfurn. flat, W. or N.W. London. Reasonable rent. F. & F. bought monthly. Box 1786.

AMIABLE Australian couple need unpoky part or unfurnished flat or rooms with space. London area. Willing redecorate if rent moderate. Box 1787.

TEACHER and daughter (adult) require December unfurnished/furnished s.c. flat, convenient Holborn. Write Stampe, 45 Tivoli Street, Cheltenham.

LONDON. Fairly central. Flat or room, two beds, use conveniences, no service, by two N.Z. teachers. Careful tenants. References. From mid-February two months or longer. Reasonable rent. Box 1739.

THREE bachelor brothers, professional men, one a chairborne polio, want accom-modation with no steps or with lift in L.C.C. area. Box 1721.

MARRIED couple require unfurn. 4-rm. London flat; wd. buy F. & F. Box 1556.

COUPLE (univ. lecturers) seek s/c. furn. flat or 2-3 rooms sympathetic household with kit. use. 4gns. top. Box 2000.

WANTED by family, London or near, self-cont. unfurn. flat, 3 rooms, K. & B. Reasonable rent. Highest refs. Box 1988.

NORWEGIAN political scientist, British Council scholar, wife and child (3 yrs.) urgently require s/c flat, 2-3 rooms, for 10 months from September 20. Write 48 Heath-field Court, Chiswick, W.4.

PROFESSIONAL family seek unfurnished flat or maisonnette London area, minimum 2 bed. Wd. purchase fixtures etc. Box 1830.

DIVORCE imminent unless bus. cple. and baby (day nursery) find rms. Separated 3 yrs. Barking elsewhere. Reas. Box 1868.

PRIMROSE/Regent's Park area. Wanted, small flat or attic for 3rd year student. Full particulars to Miss Nicoll, Far Park, Staveley, Kendal.

ANYONE leaving town for 6 months or year wishing to sublet furnished flatlet contact lady advertiser. Some rent in advance if reasonable & genuine proposition. No 6 to 8gns. flats please. Box 1925.

HERTFORD-Welwyn area. Professional woman, own furniture & car, requires rooms, flat, share of house or cottage to rent or buy. Suggestions welcomed. Box 1823.

MISCELLANEOUS

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ram-sey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3, War-wick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

ENVELOPES, 1,000 6 × 3½, Buff, 12s. Warson, 7 New'n Avenue, N.10.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

GIN Traps are no longer needed! I can send particulars of 11 other ways of kill-ing rabbits. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling you how to kill domestic ani-mals and poultry, and White list of furs humanely obtained. Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tues-day evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fier-tag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½d. stamp. Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, re-ports, appeals. The Priory Press, Mal-vern. Est. 1898.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writ-ing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and suc-cess letters from students.

WHERE TO STAY

AFTER 100% Bookings since March (incl. repeat visits, recommendations) we have only 3 twin-bedded and 2 dble. rooms on upper flrs. from Sept. 19 at £6 11s. 3d. and £5 15s. 6d. respectively. Oct. usually be-comes fully bkd. also in this mild climate (book now for all flrs. inside from £5 10s. 3d. up, incl gratuities, early tea, baths, coffee, fresh fruit dly. and htd bedroom if weather cool). Slumberlands; 2 lounges; well apptd. Meat or Veg. Congenial, used by readers (references gladly). Normanhurst P/Hotel, Sea-Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Open every day of yr.; cen. htg. throughout. Best pos. facing Sth. on 3-mile Prom., opp. covered walk; nr. Orchestra, curative baths. Write for free informative Brochure.

CONVALESCENCE? Rest cure? (Bkfst. in bed.) Autumn or winter holiday in medi-cally commended resort. See Normanhurst advert above. Provisional dates also trial bookings willingly accepted.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Super-lative food. Sept. 8gns., Oct. on, 6gns., incl.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London, offers ideal autumn holidays with good food and every comfort. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

CHARMOUTH House winter season, Char-mouth, Dorset. Special terms long book-ings between November and May excepting Christmas and Easter. Private suite or bed-sit. room if wanted. Suit writer or student.

SKYE, where summer lingers late. Autumn sunsets sheer delight. Vacs. Sept./Oct. Hilditch, Dunollie Hotel, Broadford 253.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Sea-scale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Mod. comforts; farm produce; good food & wine. Open Easter to mid-Oct. 10-14gns. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

QUIET guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce. 5-7gns. Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312).

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. For long or short stay. Fishing, sailing. Lovely grounds. A.A. Tel. 3155.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

THE Continental, (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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"CLAIMS Against Germany." A pam-phlet giving a full description (in Ger-man) of the new Federal Indemnification Law. Price 1s. plus 2d. postage. Write to Asso-ciation of Jewish Refugees, 8 Fairfax Man-sions, London, N.W.3.

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"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

READ the story of the Fourth World Youth Festival held in Bucharest; photographs, facts, figures & impressions of delegates. Price 2d. Order from the British Youth Festival Committee, 9 Camden High St., N.W.1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. Maugham's Comedy "Penelope." "A real winner." News Chronicle. Mems.

UNITY. (BUS 5391.) Cobley's farcical Comedy "No!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun., 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper," a topical Revue produced by Bryan Blackburn. Lic. till midnt. Mems. 5s.

FOREIGN Plays Festival. Sun., Sept. 20. Victor Rietti, Ann Gudrun. The Rising Sun. Enq. International Theatre. GLA. 2592.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 20: Arletty in "L'Amour Madame" (A). From Sept. 21: Edwige Feuillère in "Olivia" (X).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Sept. 20, 7.30, "Occupe-Toi D'Amelie" (X) French.

SCALA Theatre. Soviet films, "Moussorgsky," "Nature Reserve," "Miraculous Bell." Mon., Sept. 28, 7.30. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Cttee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or Scala Box Office, Charlotte St., W.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order.

"TO-MORROW There'll Be Dancing Everywhere." Don't miss this great new Czechoslovak colour film. Beautiful folk dancing, singing, scenery. Also hear latest position in Czechoslovakia from delegates just returned. Islington Town Hall, Tuesday, September 22, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s., 2s., from Ed. Comm., B.C.F.L., 20 Pont St., S.W.1. SLOane 2217, or at the door.

CELEBRATION Chinese People's Republic, Again! At the Scala Theatre, October 2, 7.30, that famous Chinese film "White Haired Girl." Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., from Education Committee, Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. TER. 2522.

PECKHAM Film Soc. Sept. 24, 7.30 p.m., Co-op. Hall, Rye Lane. Eisenstein's "Time in the Sun." Detls. J. Best, 14 Comport Green, N. Addington, Surrey.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Sept. 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

AFRO-West Indian Social and Cultural Society, 245 Harrow Road, W.2. Sept. 19, Social 7-11 p.m. Sept. 20, 7 p.m. Debate: "This House moves that Woman should have equal rights with Man."

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., Sept. 26, at 8.15. 1st of series of Orpheus Saturday Concerts. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Prog. 18th Century Music. 8s., 6s. (res.), 3s. (unres.). WAT. 3191.

QUEEN Mary Hall Chamber Concerts. Series of 6 Concerts, Weds. at 7.30, beginning Sept. 30. Viennese Classics & Contemporary Works. Performed by Aeolian, English Piano, Robert Masters, Menges, and Hirsch Quartets & London International Trio. Seats 4s. and 2s. 6d. Progs. from Queen Mary Hall, Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

VICTORIA Kingsley, songs with guitar. Royal Festival Hall (Recital Room). Tues. Sept. 29, at 8.15. Tickets: 8s., 5s., 2s. 6d.; at Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. An exhibition of fascimiles, with some originals, Turnstile Prints, & specimens of other work, Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Sep. 8-25, 10-5 wk-dys.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté Roses & New Picasso Lithographs, 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

MODERN Swiss Prints and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Until Oct. 17. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

OTWAY McCannell. 30 paintings, etc., at Group Exhibition, Suffolk St. Galleries.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield Street, Charing X Road, W.C.2. Paintings by Jacqueline Mills. Sept. 15 to October 5. 11-7 including Saturdays.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Parallel of Life and Art Indications of a new visual order. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Until October 17.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Beginning Sept. 15. Recent Oils by Hugh Mackinnon. Sculpture by Anpon.

SIXTEEN "One Man Shows" September 10-October 3, 10-5 except Sundays, R.B.A. Gallery, Suffolk St., S.W.1 (Off Haymarket). Admission 1s.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., Paintings by Joyce Winbolt. September 20-October 11.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Square. Oil Paintings by Margaret Wilson and Jennifer Rope. Until September 30.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Abstract Art of Early Cultures. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

TATE Gallery. Paintings by Matthew Smith. A Retrospective Exhibition. Open until October 18. Week-days, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Suns., 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.. Free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

RENFL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Drawings by Constantin Guys, Pissarro, Pascin. 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Adrian Heath; new drawings by Donald Friend; Mediterranean watercolours by Thallia Gage; and Original aquatints by Jaques Villon. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes Oct. 3.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

HANOVER GALLERY, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Gertrude Schweitzer. Sculpture by Fiore de Henriquez. Till Oct. 3.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. On Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8.15. Discussion. Points of View on the Parallel of Life and Art Exhibition. Eduardo Paolozzi, Peter Smithson, A.R.I.B.A., Donald Holms, David Sylvester. Chairman: J. R. M. Brumwell. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

THE Central London Fabian Society's meeting on Sept. 23, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1, will be held in the form of a discussion on "Secondary School and High School—The new Labour Party proposals." Admission for visitors 2s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Illustrated talk on Josef Herman by Dr. H. Roland. Tues., Sept. 22, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. On Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8.15. Discussion. Artists on the Screen, illustrated by film between John Read and Jacques Brunius. Chairman: Edgar Anstey. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

RACIAL Unity. Mon., Sept. 28, 7 p.m., at 32 Tavistock Sq. Mrs. Little opens discussion on "The Fight against Racialism in Britain." All welcome.

"POLAND'S Frontiers and World Peace." Hear Rev. Stanley Evans on this vital subject. Thurs., Sept. 24, 7.45 p.m. Rmts. available. All welc. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 91 Portland Pl., W.1 (LAN. 6493).

GORDON Schaffer on "Soviet Union and Germany." Tues., Sept. 22, 8 p.m. 55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

LONDON I.L.P. Forum. Joe Appiah on "Africa's Place in the Commonwealth." Sun., Sept. 20, 7.30 p.m. Montague Hotel, Montague Street, W.C. (near Russell Sq.).

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30 p.m., Wed., Sept. 23. "Love and Compassion," by Dr. E. Conze.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon. Oct. 2-4: "Play the Guitar" & "Painting & Modelling"; Oct. 9-11: "Experimental Dance & Drama."

CEDRIC Dover on "Some Problems of Asian Culture," Friday, Sept. 25, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

ANNIVERSARY of the Chinese People's Republic—Conway Hall, Sept. 30, 7.30. Celebration meeting. New Chinese Play, Chinese songs by London Youth Choir. Marie Pritt, J. B. Figgins. Admission 1s. From Brit. China Friendship Assoc., 228 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. TER. 2522.

PROG. Businessmen's Forum. Inter-monthly discussion "Germany—What Now?" on Thursday, September 24, at 7.30 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. September 26 at 6 p.m. Mr. D. W. Tweddle (U.N.A.): "The Price of One World."

BUCHAREST Festival Sports. Richard Smale (Public Relations Officer, Swimming Teachers Association) member of International Jury on Swimming Contests, will give a talk on Bucharest Festival Sports, 40 Gt. Russell Street (opp. British Museum), Thursday, September 24, 7.30. Adm. free.

THE Friday Club meets weekly at 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, at 7.45 p.m. 35th session begins October 2, Mr. C. Kennedy Scott, "Bach's St. Matthew Passion" with illustrations; October 9, "South African Problems," Mr. P. J. Bothyl of S.A. Debates, talks, social evenings, etc. 7s. 6d. per half session. Apply Sec., Marjorie Kew, 50 Westbourne Gdns., W.2, or any mtg.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Sep. 18, 7.15 p.m. Hugh J. Schonfield, "Daring to be a World Citizen."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Three views of Jesus—Roman Catholic, Rationalist and Jew. Speakers: Mr. F. J. Sheed, Mr. Archibald Robertson and Rabbi Kopul Rosen. Monday, September 21 at Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth Street, W.C.2, at 7.30 for 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

UNIVERSALIST Service, 3.15 p.m., Sunday, Sept. 20, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse Rev. W. J. Piggott, M.A. "Bridges of Understanding." F.P.U. Religion Commission.

BRAINS Trust: "Which Way to Peace?" Hampstead Town Hall, Wed., Sept. 23, 7 p.m. (with U.N.A. Crusade for World Government, Federal Union, Hampstead Lib. Assoc., Common Wealth; Q.M. from Society of Friends).

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sep. 20. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Decay of English Culture." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

FRIENDS of the Future: Conf. on "World Understanding & World Organization," Oct. 16-23, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FINAL reminder Symposium on Regional Planning, Imperial Institute, Saturday, September 26, 9.45 a.m. to 6 p.m. Fee 10s. Speakers include Sir William Holford, Dr. John Logan, Dr. Otto Koenisberger. Details and bookings, c/o Miss Burd, Conference Sec., 27 Palace Rd., East Molesey, Surrey.

JAMES Griffiths, M.P., Lord Listowel, Hilary Marquand, M.P., and Eirene White, M.P., speak on Colonial Commonwealth affairs at weekend school October 23-25, at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey. Particulars from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

"AFRICA Must Be Free!" Delegate Conference. Beaver Hall, London, E.C.4 (nr. Mansion House), Saturday and Sunday, September 26-27. Delegates 5s. Visitors 2s. 6d. Tickets from Congress of Peoples Against Imperialism, 8 Gayfere Street, S.W.1.

"CHALLENGE to the Labour Party." Fabian Autumn Lectures, 1953, with George Woodcock, John Strachey, Roy Jenkins, Michael Stewart, Ian Mikardo, R. H. S. Crossman, commencing Tuesday, October 20, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures—Industrial Relations: Dr. J. B. Jefferys, B.Sc.(Econ.), Ph.D., commencing Sept. 29. Economic History (Diploma Course): Mr. W. Elkan, B.Sc.(Econ.), commencing October 1. Club House, Courtauld House, Byng Place, W.C.1. Details from Sec., L.J.E.C., 202 Well Hall Road, S.E.9.

CASEWORK Seminars for Qualified Social Workers. The National Association for Mental Health will hold a series of 12 weekly discussion groups on casework beginning January, 1954. Also week-end courses, the first on October 17/18, 1953. For further particulars apply to:—General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 28. (Enrolment 5.30-8, Sept. 21-25.) Evening lectures and classes for men and women. Politics, Economics, History, Current Affairs, English Language and Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing, Ballet & Folk Dancing, Chess. Fees from 12s. 6d. a year. Details from Sec. (Wat. 6872).

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research. If you would like to be in close touch with new thought and research on social problems, through regular communications, drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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DUTTON Secretarial School. Three months' part-time course (afternoons) in Shorthand & Typewriting starts Sept. 28. Evening Classes, Sept. 21. Also Postal Courses. Syllabus: 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

SPANISH Evening Classes from October 5. All grades. Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLOane 7186.

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes from October 7. All grades. P. Language Committee, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D. Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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THE Kynaston School of Pianoforte (Leschetizky Method). New term com. Sept. 14 at Kensington Studio & 21 Denmark Ave., Wimbledon. All details—Sec., WIM. 0168.

SCHOOLS

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 329, 330, 33

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1926. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cowwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1: published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.